FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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THE PRAIRIES,

THE "GREAT AMERICAN DESERT," AND HOW TO "TREE" THEM.

WITH such vast regions requiring more moisture for successful cultivation—especially in that immense territory stretching five or six hundred miles eastward of the Rocky Mountains, formerly styled the "Great American Desert"—it is one of our most important private and public duties to use promptly the means whereby man can measurably control the weather, at least so far as rainfalls are concerned. Not alone that important "desert" region is concerned, but the prairies generally and all other sections of the Union are interested; and the American people everywhere are interested in everything that affects the condition of the vast tracts over which all trade and travel must pass on the chief routes between the Atlantic and Pacific shores of their common country.

The world has been slow in realizing the fact that the growth and destruction of trees exert powerful climatic influences. The fate of sundry ancient nations, in this respect, has long been an unheeded lesson, few persons inquiring about the causes of drouth and desolation, and their effects on regions once populous and prosperous. But circumstances, in the Old World as well as in our own country, have recently turned special attention to the aridity and desolation evidently occasioned by the destruction of forests in regions once teeming with fertility, and also to the cheering influence of tree-culture in causing rains where lands were long suffering from drouth.

Having reflected much on these matters, in connection with our investigations concerning regions afflicted by aridity, and having co-operated in some organized efforts for attracting Governmental and popular attention to the important bearings of the subject on the progress of "settlement" and the prosperity of agriculture and other interests, particularly in the vast territory above mentioned—the "Great American Desert," so-called—we were glad to meet with some recent practical illustrations, furnished by a short experience in desert regions of the Old World. The illustration is so important, that we cannot proceed further without noticing what "experience teacheth" in the cheering example now presented along the route of the Suez Canal. One of the most valuable European periodicals, the *British Medical Journal*, states substantially that the tract of land on which stands Ismailia, the new chief city on the route of that Canal (which city has now a population of eight or nine thousand), was, but a few years ago, a sandy desert, where rain was for merly unknown even by the "oldest inhabitant" in modern times—though the place is now considerably embowered in shade and shrubbery, and is beautified by some pleasant gardens. "All is now transformed," says the writer; "the old, dried-up basin of Lake Timsah has been again filled with water from the Nile by a fresh-water canal. Trees, shrubs and plants of all descriptions grow rapidly wherever the soil is irrigated, and the artificial oasis widens fast. Accompanying this extraordinary transformation of the aspect of the place, there has been a corresponding change in the climate. At the present time Ismailia,



ENGLAND.—RECEPTION OF PEABODY'S REMAINS ON BOARD THE BRITISH SCREW-SHIP *MONARCH*, PORTSMOUTH.—See Page 319.

during eight months in the year, is probably the healthiest spot in Northern Egypt. The mean temperature from June to September is 94 degrees Fahrenheit, the four following months 74 degrees, and the four winter months 45 degrees. Until two years ago rain was unknown, but in twelve months ending in April last there were actually fourteen days on which rain fell, and lately there fell a tremendous shower of rain—a phenomenon which the oldest Arab had never previously witnessed. Rain ceases to fall on a country deprived of its forests, or only falls in violent storms. Here we see rain returning to the desert on restoring the trees."

A single illustration, of this highly important practical character, is worth volumes of theoretic assertion. Sufficient is now known to warrant us in believing that deserts generally may be gradually made to "blossom like the rose," if man will apply the agencies now under his control. The examples furnished along the Suez Canal are invaluable, as showing influences which may reclaim to fertility regions that suffered sterility from the drouths of centuries; but as canals are not often practicable in arid regions, we must turn to other and easier modes of accomplishing the great object; and of these modes, we have happily some striking exemplifications.

Whatever may be said about his political course, it must be conceded that the present French Emperor deserves much credit for encouraging various material improvements—such as tree-culture and fish-culture, whereby lands and waters may be rendered profitable, though formerly comparatively useless. In addition to the vast supplies of fish now "cultivated" in the lakes and rivers of France—which have aided in stimulating fish-culture in other countries—we are told that hillsides, and other places hitherto lying waste, have been largely cultivated, under his encouragement, for climatic purposes (for inviting rains), as well as for timber and for fuel, in all parts of France. The increasing popular knowledge on those subjects, aided largely by his example and its results, have occasioned movements in various countries for promoting the growth of forests and the ornamentation of farms with orchards and shrubbery. Lectures have lately been delivered, addresses published, and Governmental aid solicited, in the United States, for promoting such objects; and attention is now sufficiently aroused among our countrymen to render further efforts more and more encouraging.

Whatever the National or State Governments may do by offering bounties for tree-culture on lands in the National Domain, or in any of the States, the people can do far more in ways that will cost little and prove more effective than any aid which legislation may render. It is not well to wait for "Government," when individual and associated effort can readily be enlisted for a good purpose, in which the whole community is interested.

Our plan of operation would be simple, economical, and efficient. We should appeal to *self-interest* on the part of every man and woman in regions now treeless—on the prairies generally, where trees are so much wanted for shade and shelter, as well as for lumber and fuel—and not alone to people in that rainless as well as treeless prairie styled, till recently, the "Great American Desert." Every orchard planted—every lot devoted to raising trees—is a positive benefit to the community as well as to the planter or farmer. Prairie villages that will cause their streets and some of their outlots to be thus planted, will quickly find their character and that of their inhabitants benefited by the reputation resulting from their sagacity, industry, and good taste in the way of arboriculture. Where one village goes ahead in this matter, the example will shortly be followed by others. In any of those villages, a single intelligent, public-spirited individual may generally induce his fellow-townsmen to co-operate in tree-planting—not alone for the ultimate purpose of influencing the weather, but for the direct personal profit and comfort resulting to the landowners and other inhabitants. Experience proves that almost everywhere on the prairies, young trees spring up vigorously near the settlements, where prairie-fires are prevented. Every farm and every village should be protected by groves planted especially on that side where the storms are felt most frequently and severely. As shelter for cattle and crops alone, if for nothing else, this tree-culture is one of the most important subjects that can occupy the attention of settlers on the prairies generally, as well as particularly on the arid regions known lately on the maps as the "Great Desert" aforesaid.

Compare some of the prairie towns and farms where these matters have been attended to, and see what difference results in your estimate of the character of the inhabitants and the value of property where there is scarcely a tree or shrub for a bird to rest on, and where the villages and farmhouses are all exposed in treeless nakedness. In the latter places, a man who properly appreciates the comfort of wife and children, would hardly take a residence as a free gift, while the pleasantness of the former would prepossess him in favor of its inhabitants, and the value of their town lots and farms. In some places, and we wish there were more of them, persons who plant trees are measurably exempted from some local taxes. The example is worthy of imitation.

Circulating, as this journal does, over all sections of the Union, we cannot refrain from urging attention to those subjects, believing that in few ways is there more opportunity for doing so much good with so little trouble and expense. We respectfully urge the Commissioner of the Agricultural Department to scatter his donations of *tree-seeds* broadcast among the people of the prairie and "desert" regions above mentioned, as far more likely to benefit the community than most of the seeds so liberally distributed elsewhere through the land. We also urge people in the older regions to send packages of tree-seeds to their friends in the now treeless regions, and in this way, with the matter thus brought to their attention, multitudes of settlers in those regions may be induced to do *at once* what they have long "intended" to do—in the way of planting trees for shade and shelter, for lumber and for fuel—with the consciousness that what they do in this way will tend to bring upon their soil more frequent rains and their attendant blessings.

United and zealous efforts among the whole people, in a matter which thus concerns the comfort and interest of every member of society, would quickly, with little expense and labor, transform the appearance of our vast treeless regions in a manner that would form one of the pleasantest features of our national progress.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

COMMITTEES of fairs, exhibitions, dedications, and everything of a similar nature, will confer a favor by notifying the publisher of this Paper at as early a date as possible, so that arrangements may be made for illustration.

A NEW STORY.

Three Casts for a Life.

By C. G. Rosenberg,

AUTHOR OF "CLOSE PLAY FOR A MILLION," ETC.

In No. 749 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be commenced a new and exceedingly pleasing story of Russian life, from the pen of that popular romance writer,

C. G. ROSENBERG.

As a writer of sterling romances, Mr. Rosenberg is known to all who have made themselves acquainted with the current literature of the time; and it is always associated in the mind with memories (for he is equally at home in describing the dark as well as the bright side of human nature) that are harmonious and instructive, charming and elevating, truthful and sincere. In sentiment or character, whether serious or grotesque, he is never overstrained or revolting. The great charm of this gentleman as a writer rests in the vigor, the freshness, and the elasticity of his pen. He never wearies; never stumbles into bald, make-shift descriptions; never, in ambiguous language, deals in stately commonplaces. For scenery he has the eye of the landscape painter; for the persecuted, the wronged, the unfortunate, a heart that thrills with a love that carries those who peruse his stories irresistibly with him to the close. In succinctness of language, and development of plot, Mr. Rosenberg has few equals; while as an individualizer he is unsurpassed. We see these great qualities of his genius more conspicuously set forth in

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE

than in any other of the magnificent productions which have recently fallen from his pen.

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE

is, without any question, the most artistically constructed and most brilliantly prepared of the author's romances. It excels in the development of incident, the rapidity of action, and the *denouement* is as satisfactory as it is startling. Indeed, in this great work, Mr. Rosenberg displays brilliant invention, and shows a mind fertile in expedient as it is exuberant. And this also may be said of

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE:

There is not a sentence in it that is carelessly written, not a word that has not a direct bearing on the relation as a whole.

The leading scenes are laid in Western Russia, in the days when nearly every inhabitant below the rank of noble was a born thrall.

The plot, which is exceedingly intricate but thoroughly evolved, has to do with the loves of a young French count and a lovely girl—the serf and presumed illegitimate daughter of an old and haughty Boyard, and subsequently with his son and heir. Upon the claims and arrogance of this young noble of Russia the whole story turns, thus giving the author a large margin for the introduction of incidents of a touching and often most exciting character.

We speak advisedly when we assure the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER that in

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE

they will have served to them a mental feast of no common order. It will well repay perusal; and those who neglect to follow closely the development of the plot, will lose a treat—seldom offered in serial form through the columns of a weekly publication—of exceeding rarity.

LO, THE POOR WOMAN!

AT a recent Woman's Suffrage Convention in Worcester, Mass., men received some very hard characterizations. They were called, among other things, "tyrants and despots;" whereupon a creature, a mere man, of course, meekly requested that the women in the assemblage who really believed men were "tyrants and despots" should rise in their places. This they did, and were *nine* all told! Now, if the husbands of the immortal nine do not prove that their wives were right in their estimate of men, then they are not the men we take them to be.

A daily contemporary has mustered up courage enough to show what a wretched, oppressed creature woman is in this our own Empire State. Among other discriminations between the sexes are these: A woman may marry or make a will two years earlier than a man, which is an advantage at both ends of mortality. She cannot be cut off for a brother, since brothers and sisters must share alike under a parent's testament. She loses no property if she marries; her earnings are absolutely hers; she may acquire money in her own right, and her husband is obliged to support her whether she has money or not. Such are some of the features of our chivalrous laws, but not all. A husband cannot sell land for "anything like its full value without his wife's consent;" but if this same lady has land, she may dispose of it as she pleases. If a married woman is indicted, her spouse must pay the bill of costs; and so on to the end of a most romantic chapter of law.

We are quite willing to concede to women the inestimable privilege of voting, sitting on juries, and things of that kind, if they will only put us on equality with themselves before the law.

LOCAL ANÆSTHESIA.

ANÆSTHESIA, the process by which, through the inhalation of ether, chloroform, and some other volatile compounds, insensibility to pain may be produced, and the severest operations performed while the patient is unconscious, is deservedly regarded as one of the crowning ameliorations of our age. But it is now ascertained that pain may be abolished locally, as, for instance, in the leg or arm, and painless operations performed on any part of the person, without subjecting the whole system to the operation of the anæsthetic agent. The importance of this discovery consists not alone in regard to its application to the human subject, but also to animals, such as the horse, which is liable to many ailments requiring surgical intervention, and in which, for many reasons, it would be difficult to produce general anæsthesia. The necessarily painful processes, under ordinary circumstances, of nerving, firing, introducing the seton, etc., may be effected without inflicting suffering, by applications to the parts to be operated upon.

The British Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with the humane view of obviating suffering among the lower animals, recently published a compact little manual on this subject of local anæsthesia, with practical directions, which the kindred Society in this city has taken the pains to republish, for the benefit of veterinary surgeons and all others interested.

The process consists in the use of pure, rectified ether, of the specific gravity of seventy-two hundredths, and which ought to boil at ninety-four degrees of Fahrenheit. This is forced, in the shape of spray, on the part to be operated on, through means of a very simple apparatus.

In a very short time the part is made insensible, and may be cut, pierced or cauterized without pain. But not only so, no pain follows the operation.

We have said enough, we hope, to call attention to this matter, and it only remains to add that the pamphlet alluded to, entitled "On Local Anæsthesia," may be had *gratis* by application to the "American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," 696 Broadway.

MR. LORD JUSTICE MONCREIFF, of Edinburgh, some time ago took up the old hue and cry of ignorant orthodoxy against men of science, and the tendency and purposes of their studies. He says that the modern men of science "care far less for the discoveries of science for their own sake than they do for the, to them, not unpleasing idea that they are helping to supply a lever which is to upset the faith of the world." In a recent lecture Sir John Lubbock took occasion to repel this gross and gratuitous imputation. Does any sane man accumulate experiment after experiment of the most exquisitely refined kind, on the nature of heat for instance, only in the hope that some remote inference from the laws established may upset the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace? or would an archæologist laboriously array all the evidence bearing on the Stone Ages and the condition of modern savages, only in order to throw doubts upon Adam (who, by-the-way, evidently had *not* the use of metals, certainly wore as little clothing as native Australians, and probably used bone needles for his first tailoring)? Charges of this sort are like boomerangs, apt to recoil upon those who make them.

THE consummate rubbish which Mr. Alfred Tennyson is writing of late, and compared with which, in the matter of sense, mud is diaphanous, is well taken off by a correspondent of the *Tribune*. "The first three stanzas," as the Rev. Ichabod Jones would say, are from Tennyson's "Holy Grail," the "last three" (following Ichabod's way of putting it) are by his "friend, admirer, and imitator."

I.

Rain, rain and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by-and-by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die!

Rain, rain and sun! a rainbow on the lea!
And truth is this to me and that to thee,
And truth, or clothed or naked, let it be!

Rain, sun and rain! and the free blossom blows!
Sun, rain and sun! and where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes!

II.

Snow, snow and sleet! no sunshine in the sky!
Surely the hens must lay eggs by-and-by,
Or we, grown wise, will doom them all to die!

Snow, snow and sleet! no green leaves on the tree!
Ah, sad! but truth it is to you—to me!
Snow on the ground, no green leaves can there be!

Stuff, nonsense, stuff! this world is full of woes!
Stuff, nonsense, stuff! oh, where is he who knows
If this be prosy verse, or versy prose?

THE following contribution to science ought, perhaps, to come under the heading of "Scientific Notes," etc., in another column. It is, however, of too grave a character to be lightly disposed of. It is a scientific, analytical, and æsthetical view of that curious compound called *Punch*:

"Experience has proved that the juice of three or four lemons and three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar dissolved in three pints of boiling water, give saporous waves which strike the palate at such intervals that the thrilling acidity of the lemon juice, and the cloying sweetness of the sugar are no longer distinguishable. We have, in fact, a harmony of saporific notes. The pitch, however, is too low, and to heighten it, we infuse in the boiling water the fragrant yellow rind of one lemon. Here we might pause if the soul of man craved no higher result than lemonade. But to attain the culminating saporosity of punch, we must dash into the bowl at least a pint of rum, and nearly the same volume of brandy. The molecules of alcohol, sugar and citric acid collide, an entirely new series of vibrations are produced—tremors to which the dullest palate is attuned. In punch, then, we have rhythm within rhythm, and all that philosophy can do is to take kindly to its subtle harmonies. It will depend in some measure upon previous habits whether the punch, when mixed, will be taken in excess or in moderation. It may become a dangerous ally, and bring a sentient being to the gutter. But, on the other hand, it may become the potent inward stimulus of a noble outward life."

THE Greek text of the polyglot inscription for the monument in honor of the completion of the Suez Canal has been composed by Dr. Reinhold Klotz, Professor at the University of Leipsic, in consequence of a commission to that effect which he received from Paris. This text, literally translated, is as follows: "In the year of the Hegira 1282 (1869), under the renowned government of the illustrious Padisha Abdul Azis Chan, Emperor of the Ottomas, and under the wise rule of the noble Ismael Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, this monument was erected to celebrate the excavation of the Suez Canal, which is destined to approximate the nations of Europe and Asia, to multiply their commercial relations, to promote the beneficent conquests of civilization, and to favor a more intimate union between all the members of the human family. This great work of peace owes its origin to the courageous perseverance of Ferdinand Lesseps, with the co-operation of the principal maritime nations, and under the patronage of the Emperor of the French."

ONE of the skilled English workmen whom Professor Goldwin Smith induced to come to this country, and who is established in Ithaca, is writing home his experiences and observations to the London *Spectator*. The letters are full of unconscious touches, which will teach British workmen more of their chances in America than many solemn documents. The general effect is, that work is harder than in England; that food is extremely plentiful, but

wretchedly cooked; that more money can be saved than at home; that it can be invested to great advantage by any one who knows anything of agriculture; and that of all qualities to bring money, "handiness" and readiness of adaptation is the most valuable. If your own trade is slack, try another. He thinks these rapid changes result in a rough, make-shift kind of work; but then they produce capable men, which is, after all, more important.

MONSIEUR HENRI ROCHEFORT, the new and impetuous member of the French Chambers, opens a letter "to the independent thinkers of Lyons" as follows:

"CITIZENS:—If religions, of whatever nature they may be, and whencesoever they may come, did not constitute a permanent outrage on all liberty and progress, tyrants would be less eager to restore those auxiliaries of absolutism as soon as they seized on power."

OF WHAT THOUGHT IS MADE.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

THE difference between past ages and the present era of education and general knowledge cannot be recognized more fully than in attending the admirable course of lectures now going on at the Cooper Union, under the direction of the American Institute.

One cannot fail to compare the intellectual condition and opportunities of the masses a few centuries ago with the mental illumination which is showered upon the same classes at the present day. Then all knowledge of a really elevating character was in the possession of a few ecclesiastics, and the bulk even of these were unable to recognize the advances of science made by the few great minds developed by this system of education. President White's (of Cornell University) first lecture, on the "Battle-Fields of Science," showed this most conclusively.

To-day how great is the change! The advanced thought of the period is not laboriously inscribed on a vellum page to insure its preservation, to be again laboriously copied a few times by scriveners; to-day the excited discoverer hurries to the lecture-room, and while the idea is perhaps but half developed in his own mind, he pours it, fresh and warm, with the enthusiasm of his personal mental alembic, into the greedy ears of thousands of appreciative minds. As if this was not sowing the seeds of truth sufficiently wide, before the sun has again set hundreds of thousands of copies are flying to every point of the compass, and in less time than would have been consumed in the production of a dozen transcripts by the copyist's pen, this grand, perhaps revolutionary, idea has pervaded every corner of the civilized globe, has entered into the knowledge of mankind, and has fructified and expanded faster than even grew the gourd of Jonah, or the more actually recognized microscopic yeast fungi of the *savant*.

But the magnificence of this idea is not half reached until we fully recognize the fact that these grand seed-thoughts are not destined for the learned and the rich, and the imaginary so-called "higher classes," alone. The American Institute has few of these fossils. If it is "rare for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," it is within our own cognizance that few rich men enter into those glorious realms of science, whose luscious fruits once tasted, the palate palls at dead gold, silver, and empty gew-gaws of more imaginary value.

"To the poor is not only the gospel preached," but to them Science unfolds her choicest treasures, bringing such delight and spreading such a radiance around that the absence of even articles of physical comfort is unnoticed.

The advanced thoughts of the day, in every branch of science, are here expounded in the clearest terms, stripped of abstruse phraseology, so that the ordinary student, without detail or immaterial minutiæ, may get a general idea of the wondrous developments of the great ideas of the most enlarged minds.

During the last year we were told how the world was made, and the various steps were explained as clearly as we could be told how a desert prairie could be turned into a fruitful field; we were shown of what the sun and other of the heavenly bodies were made, and their various ingredients were scientifically demonstrated to us, and these wondrous ideas, which, by their simple suggestion, at first startled us by their boldness, finished by elevating our respect for man's intellect, that could grasp such themes, and, if possible, increasing our reverence for the Great Architect of the Universe; for the further and the deeper we peer into the mysteries of creation and being, the more astounding are the impressions we receive.

More than this, the last year's lectures have been seed-thoughts in the minds of thousands. They were the material for the thoughts of the whole succeeding year; they displaced anxiety, they drove away ill-temper, even dyspepsia could not expel their soothing influence from the mind.

The lectures this year are going on in the same elevated plane. Professor Barker, on the "correlation of forces," shows us how simple are the machineries of the world, how little complicated its chemistry. We have long known that air and water, and noxious fumes and burning gases, are all formed from the same grand constituents, only in varied quantities; now Professor Barker tells us, and shows by experiments before our own eyes, that heat, light, electricity and motion, are one and the same thing, only in different manifestations—one the equivalent of another, though in different apparent proportions—an idea which is considered to be the most wonderful developed this century. The details of this discovery are not, and perhaps never will be, fully made evident. But some idea may be obtained of its extent when we recognize that instruments have been made to mark the action of the brain.

Starting from the initial standpoint that nothing is wasted in the economy of the world's creation; that matter is never lost, but merely changes its form; that the grass of the field eaten by the animal becomes flesh, which, eaten by man, becomes thought—thought, therefore, being grass, and being actually but motion of the brain. If thought is motion, by the correlation above referred to, it is equivalent to heat. Wonderful enough, this logical sequence is physically demonstrable, for an instrument has been invented which accurately marks the equivalent heat produced by the inception of a thought into the mind of man. And this experiment has been repeated so frequently, and in such varied forms and with such universal success, that this fact remains one of the indubitable facts of the world's knowledge.

An incomplete outline of this experiment is as follows: A person in as complete a state of mental quiescence as possible—a condition materially aided by a good dinner—comfortably composes himself, with this instrument affixed to the portion of his head nearest to the sensorium; he is suddenly aroused from his rest by a loud knocking at the door, or the unexpected discharge from a pistol. Without allowing himself any physical motion, the sudden entrance of the idea upon his quiet brain develops an amount of heat, some of which is collected, and marked in a scale, by this instrument.

Again, the reading of any startling news, or piece of imaginative poetry, which warms the intellect and produces any pleasure or disgust, is recognized by this form of dynameter.

If all matter is shown to be composed of a few primitive chemically defined elements; if all organic life is but cell-development; if all motion, heat, light and electricity are identical and transmutable, things are getting simplified indeed. A blow on the outside of the head with a club, or a logical inference thrust upon the brain inside the skull, amount to about the same thing, and are but knock-down arguments.

Alexander sighed for new worlds to conquer; the physicist has not yet attained to that. He has not yet learnt the food wherewith to feed man, in order to develop his poetic or inventive faculties, his logical or metaphysical powers, nor has he yet ascended to the elimination of that finer essence of the mind, to dissect from the gray cineritous matter of the brain that divine portion that exists without cells, that is conscious without motion, and has no recognizable properties except it be affinity with the Eternal and the Infinite.

The soul laughs at the anatomist's scalpel, defies the crucible of the alchemist, and escapes the subtle instruments of the physicist. Untrammeled by bonds of matter, not even limited by the confines of an infinite Cosmos, we hold it but as a "tenant at will," with, however, a power to develop, instruct and elevate it. May we not be neglectful of this high prerogative, possessed in all this world of infinite life and being by man alone.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Whale Stranded at Longniddry, Firth of Forth, Scotland.

Quite recently the citizens of Edinburgh enjoyed, at Longniddry, Firth of Forth—twelve miles northeast of the ancient capital of Scotland—the sight of a huge stranded whale. The leviathan was first observed by the inhabitants of the southeast coast, blowing its spout of water thirty or forty feet high in the air. It probably was not as vigorous as usual, for the strong tide, even against its most strenuous efforts—for it instinctively felt its danger—drifted it on shore, and when the water receded, it found itself high and dry on the rough, stony beach. Its death, deprived of its native element, was painful. Within a few yards of it was the deep sea, but it could not reach it until the return of the night tide, and meantime it died. The whale was of the largest size. On measurement, its girth was found at the largest part to be not less than thirty-two feet, and its extremes included seventy-eight feet three inches. We dare not say how many barrels of oil it yielded. But it is certain that such a "find" from the depths of ocean would not be objected to by the fishermen of the Firth of Forth, if contributed every day in the year, Sundays included.

Rome.—Reception by the Pope of the Spanish Bishops in the Chapel of the Advent, St. Peter.

On the first Sunday in December, immediately on the termination of a Pontifical Mass at the Grand Altar of St. Peter, the Holy Father retired to the Chapel of the Advent, where he received the Spanish prelates. The number present was larger than was anticipated, owing to the political troubles in the Iberian Peninsula. All were cordially welcomed to the General Council. Among those in attendance were the archbishops and bishops of Valence, Valladolid, Urgel, Saragossa, Pampeluna, Grenada, Tarragona, Palencia, etc., etc.

Rome.—Solemn Procession at the Opening of the Ecumenical Council.

In our "Spirit of the Illustrated European Press" of this week, is given an illustration of the ceremonies anticipatory of the formal opening of the General Council of the Catholic Church. The Holy Father entered the vestibule of St. Peter, seated on the Pontifical Throne, and was with great pomp and ceremony followed by the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, to the number of six hundred and fifty. On the procession advancing to the Grand Altar, the Pope descended from his exalted seat, and knelt. This genuflexion was instantly imitated by the vast congregation, during which the *Veni Creator* was performed. The deputations of the secular and regular clergy then placed themselves on each side of the royal staircase. At a given signal the Pope and his clergy left the *atrium* and returned to the hall in which the council is held, in the order in which they had advanced. On reaching the chamber set apart for the "Fathers of the Church," the Pope removed his mitre, gave the Pontifical blessing, and descending, exposed the Holy Sacrament, the choristers meantime chanting the *Veni Creator* to the close of the second verse. The clergy then, according to their rank, took their seats in the council as they were pointed out to them.

England.—An Improved Cattle-Truck.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the philanthropic gentlemen of the society of which Mr. Bergh is the active chief, little has been done to ameliorate the sufferings quadrupeds, transported long distances on our railroads, are compelled to undergo. Thousands of prime cattle are conveyed to New York from the prairies of Illinois, and even from the plains of Texas, in open cars, and without any convenience—without protection from the changing climates, without food or water, without, in fine, care of any kind; and when at length, after riding hundreds of miles, they are driven to the slaughter-house, they are found to be, when dressed, unfit for the human stomach, the flesh being lean, dry, tough and stringy. In view of the difficulty of bringing live stock to the seaboard from the interior on railways in open cars, it has been proposed to dress them where they have been grazed, and send the meat, packed in refrigerators, to the great markets at the East. For reasons not necessary to specify, this method of supplying consumers has not proved entirely satisfactory. An English inventor, at the instigation of Miss Burdett Coutts, has constructed a carriage for the comfortable conveyance of cattle, which, it is thought, might, with great benefit to the public, be introduced on American roads. It is described as follows by the newspaper from which the illustration is taken: "It is designed to hold six beasts, placed three abreast, and each lot of three head to head. Between the two lots of beasts, and therefore in the centre of the length of the truck, a partition is placed. This partition is in fact a compound arrangement of hay-rack, water-tank, and troughs. The two water-troughs are placed at a convenient height for the cattle, as may be seen through the open door, and the hay-racks above and slightly behind them. The top part of the hay-racks, immediately under the roof of the truck, is allotted to a water-tank for supplying the troughs by means of pipes. The supply is regulated by the two taps shown above the small side doors, and through these small doors the hay is introduced. Above these doors are two apertures in the truck side for examining the cattle without opening the large doors. The whole of the inside of the truck is padded to a proper height, to prevent injury to the cattle, and this padding is also applied to the front of each water-trough. To prevent the cattle from slipping, the floor is properly roughened, so as to afford a good foothold."

Holland.—Works on the Great Railway Bridge, Dort.

The peculiar topographical characteristics of Eastern Belgium and Holland, on account of the width of their inland waters—such as the Scheldt, the Rhine, and other estuaries and rivers—has made railroad building quite difficult therein, as "bridging" is an important item in the expenditures—in fact, the leading one. For some years the slow-paced Hollanders and the phlegmatic Belgians have been content to "railroad it" in part, and "steamboat it" where bridges were considered expensive, if not useless. But the exigencies of trade have awakened these gentlemen from their lethargic slumbers; and to-day bridge-builders are by them held in much esteem. Our illustration represents the eastern suburb of the ancient city of Dort, certainly the most antique town in Holland, with the piers of the contemplated bridge ready for the girders. In addition to the bridge, a magnificent dock-yard and pier have been added to the works of the company building the railway. Dort has always been affected by the great masters of the brush. Its quaint old towers and gabled houses have been "studies" successively of Cryps, Turner, Callicott, Stanfield, and others; and so, if one would really know what the city is, one must consult the pictures of these men. They could always find subjects for their canvas in this town of windmills in sleepy, easy-paced old Holland.

Italy.—A Train Hurled Down a Precipice.

A very remarkable railway accident happened on the 2d of December last on Mont Cenis, within three miles of Lanslebourg, to a train of baggage and freight cars, which was descending to the valley, at about 7 P. M. During the passage of the train a violent tempest raged over the desolate, snow-covered mountain through which the celebrated tunnel has been cut. The gale was so severe that the cars were brought to a halt, and while the guard and engineer were consulting on the expediency of forcing them down the side of the declivity, they were driven by the force of the tempest backward, and after going a considerable distance, quitted the rails, and rushed down a ravine, the engine remaining upon the line. The stoker and night-guard were killed, and the trucks destroyed.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE HOLY GRAIL, AND OTHER POEMS. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Reproduces picturesque legends of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table: "The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," "Sir Pelleas and Etarre," and "The Passing of Arthur," with some miscellaneous poems.

ONWARD. New York: Conducted and Published by CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

The January number is worthy of its predecessors. Its appearance is somewhat changed, the Ithuriel on the cover having given place to Minerva. The contents page, however, has as varied and attractive a list of titles as ever. "The Purple Swallow," a love story in verse, by the editor, occupies the first eight pages. Four full page illustrations are given with this number. Known wherever the English language is spoken as a popular writer, especially for the young, Captain Mayne Reid's name alone should insure a full subscription list for his magazine.

MISCELLANIES. By W. M. THACKERAY. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Contains in one volume a number of Thackeray's minor works, including "The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.," "The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond," and Burlesques. Household edition. Print small but clear.

THE ART JOURNAL FOR DECEMBER. New York: Virtue & Yorston.

"The Lady's Tailor," after H. Marks; "The Sepulchre," after M. Claxton, and "Theseus," from a sculpture of the Parthenon, are the steel engravings in this number. There are also several superior woodcuts illustrating Scripture history.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From the AMERICAN OPERA PUBLISHING CO.: "Fra Diavolo," containing text, overture and principal music.

From FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.: "Lady Byron Vindicated," by Mrs. Stowe, and a cheap edition of "Caleb Williams," by Godwin.

From T. B. PETERSON & BROS.: "Marcus Warland," by Mrs. Hentz.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MARIO is very sick.

GRISI leaves 500,000 francs.

ROSE ETYNGE is to return to the stage, it is rumored.

MRS. LANDER is playing at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" has had a "run" at the Boston Museum.

NOTHING in Washington but pantomime and negro minstrelsy.

LITTLE LOTTA has closed an engagement of much profit in Cincinnati.

THE opera house at Lafayette, Ind., has been entirely destroyed by fire.

THE Panorama of Ireland appeared in Bowling Green, Ky., on the 1st inst.

MUNROE & HEYWOOD'S troupe appeared in Biddeford, Me., on December 30th.

THE Trimble Opera House opened in Albany with "The School for Scandal."

KATE BATEMAN closed her Philadelphia engagement as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons."

"SHOO FLY" is announced at every minstrel hall and variety theatre in the United States.

MR. AND MRS. SELDEN IRWIN have been acting in Chicago, in pieces like "Grist to the Mill."

BROUGH'S latest burlesque is called "The Flying Dutchman; or, The Lass that Loves a Sailor."

JOHN COLLINS, the veteran Irish comedian, has turned up at the Opera House in Vicksburgh, Miss.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPS has been singing in oratorios in Boston—particularly in Costa's "Naaman."

ELISE HOLT and company succeeded Mrs. Bowers at the New Orleans Academy on the 27th of December.

CHANFRAU was succeeded at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, by the Lydia Thompson "blondes."

THE Savannah people have been highly edified by the acting of the Chapman Sisters and Mr. C. B. Bishop.

ON Monday, 3d inst., the drama of "Not Guilty" was produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphal.

MISS KATE REIGNOLDS opened the Portland (Me.) theatre on the 31st of December, with a good company of her own.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and the full Germania Orchestra of Boston, were at the Providence Opera House on January 5.

ONE of the editors of the Philadelphia "Press" has written a five-act comedy for Laura Keene, called "The Days We Live In."

MRS. E. D. WALLACE is the author of the dramatic version of "Little Dorritt," recently acted at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

J. L. TOOLE has appeared at the London Gaiety in a new drama called "Uncle Dick's Darling." Toole will shortly come to this country.

A SET of gold sleeve-buttons and a finger-ring were recently presented to C. M. Welch, manager of the Detroit Theatre Comique, by his company.

A MR. PEEBLE has become the leading actor at the Albany Academy. He made his debut there in Brougham's play of "The Lottery of Life."

AIKEN has produced Byron's "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," in Chicago, playing Sir Simon (the part written for and refused by Sothern) himself.

"CHAMPAGNE; or, Step by Step," by Laura Keene and Matilda Heron, was produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday, the 3d inst.

"SCHOOL" has had its two hundred and seventy-second representation at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London. The scenery has been twice repainted.

OWENS closed at the New Orleans Varieties as Caleb Plummer. He was succeeded on the 27th of December by Mrs. Scott-Siddons, who is a great favorite there.

WILCOXON HALL, Freeport, Ill., was opened on the 1st inst. It will seat about one thousand persons, and is fitted up with stage, scenery, and dressing-rooms.

MADAME RISTORI is said to have made $70,000 in Buenos Ayres. She is about to visit the west coast of South America, by way of the Straits of Magellan.

THE manager of the Gaite, Paris, has given Mlle. Theresa a handsome diamond bracelet as a souvenir of the one hundredth performance of "La Chatte Blanche."

A LONDON gentleman has leased a theatre for six weeks, and engaged a company and orchestra, all for the purpose of giving himself the opportunity of playing in Shakesperean characters.

THE Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe gave thirty-one performances in Chicago, the receipts of which were $55,000. They began an engagement at the Boston Theatre on the 10th. They sang in Albany on the 8th.

AT the Haymarket, London, they give people the worth of their money. They play, on one night the comedy of "New Men and Old Acres," the comedietta of "High Life Below Stairs," and the farce of "Founded on Fact."

"LITTLE EM'LY" is running at the Olympic, London, with Messrs. Emery, Nelson, Vaughan, Warner, St. Maur, Roberts, Irving, Rowe; Mesdames Patti, Josephs, Reinhardt, Poynter, Ewell, Earle, and Fanny Addison in the parts.

AT the Globe Theatre, London, "Lord Bateman, or The Proud Porter and the Fair Sophia," a new burlesque, by Henry J. Byron, founded on the celebrated ballad, is in active preparation, in which Miss Fanny Josephs will make her first appearance.

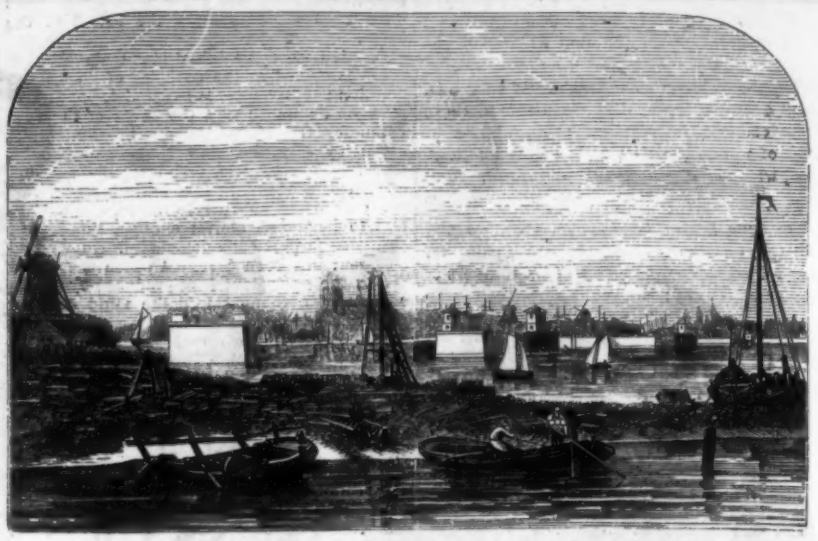
A GRAND amateur concert will be given in this city on the 28th inst., at the Art Building, Fifth avenue, for the relief of such Cuban families as are in want of assistance. The entertainment will be under the direction of Madame Gazzaniga Albites, and Mrs. Adele Varona will be the principal attraction.

THE necrology in the theatrical and musical profession for 1869 embraces Humphrey Bland, died January 27th; Hector Berlioz, died March 10th; Giulia Grisi, died November 29th; J. G. Hanley, died August 8th; Mrs. Charles Matthews, died October 12th; Isaac C. Pray, died November 28th; Mrs. Vernon, died June 4th; Mrs. Wm. Wheatley, died April 1st; John H. Oxley, died December 22d; and others of lesser importance.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 315.



SCOTLAND.—WHALE STRANDED AT LONGNIDDRY, FIRTH OF FORTH.



HOLLAND.—WORKS ON THE GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGE, DORT.



ROME.—RECEPTION BY THE POPE OF THE SPANISH BISHOPS IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ADVENT, ST. PETER.



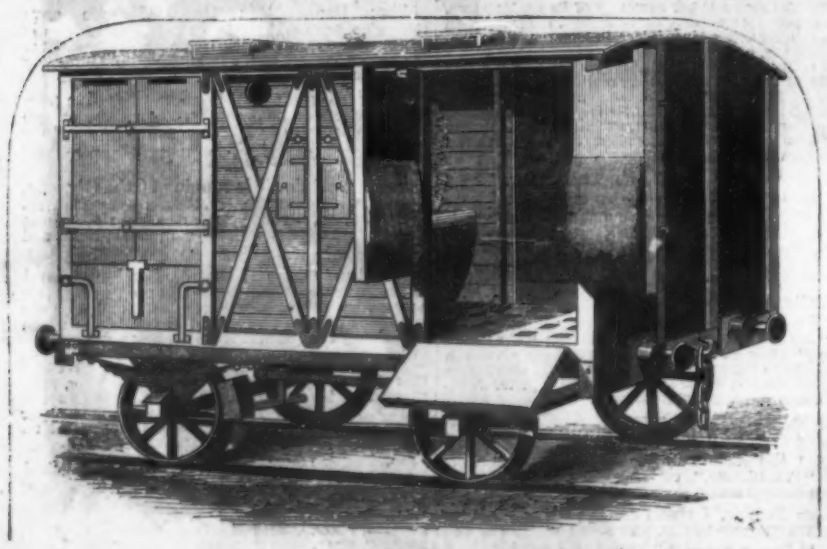
ITALY.—A TRAIN HURLED DOWN A PRECIPICE, MOUNT ST. CENIS.



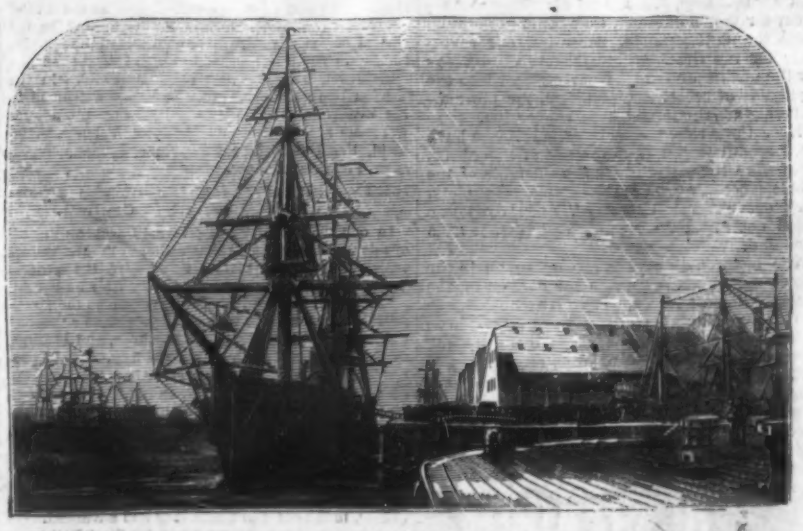
ROME.—SOLEMN PROCESSION AT THE OPENING OF THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.



ENGLAND.—THE DECK OF THE BRITISH SCREW-SHIP MONARCH.



ENGLAND.—AN IMPROVED CATTLE-TRUCK.



ENGLAND.—EMBARKATION OF PEABODY'S REMAINS, ON BOARD THE MONARCH.



Suite. Suite. Prince Satawarrah, School, New Brunswick, N. J. Suite.
Meewah Sukeyeagie, Vice Commissioner. Wooyeno Kantoc no Kami, Special Commissioner.

PRINCE SATAWARRAH AND SUITE, AND JAPANESE COMMISSIONERS TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—SEE PAGE 323.



NEW YORK CITY.—CHRISTMAS REUNION OF THE CHINESE PUPILS AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.—SEE PAGE 323.

FAREWELL.

WHO asks how came it so? The same
Happens to others every day.
By chance or fate the meeting came;
Which—who shall say?

It was not much that either said,
But each felt richer for that night;
You turned, as I drew near, so red;
When I went, white.

And then came meetings day by day,
Our only thought near, sun and moon.
The summer quickly passed away,
Indeed, too soon.

We pressed fond hands; for nothing, smiled;
For nothing, foolish tears let fall.
We quarreled, and were reconciled;
And meant it all.

Then autumn came, and winter white;
The swallows fled to skies of blue;
Love?—It was freezing day and night;
It froze us too.

And I to other lands must go;
"Farewell!" you said, so courteously;
Courteous I kissed your hand, and so—
So let it be!

MRS. CRABSHAW'S SOPORIFIC.

THE Rosery at Granvale was a model village home, with its bay windows filled at all times of the year with flowers; the lawns and paths without a leaf almost, whilst a cluster of larch, holly and laurel set the northeast wind at defiance.

The occupant, Mrs. Crabshaw, was, in appearance, a model of comfortable propriety. Never were appearances so deceptive. She was the village pest, and, had she been less well off and less respectable, she would have had most of the doors in Granvale closed against her. The better-disposed people discouraged their servants and other dependents in communicating the tittle-tattle of the place; but to Mrs. Crabshaw it was, as her washerwoman declared, "meat and drink, if it wasn't lodging." The speech was rather ambiguous, and no one could have given a better interpretation of it than Julia Maxwell and her excellent father the major. They had lived somewhat in the world, and the happiness of their lives was greatly interfered with by this tormenting Mrs. Crabshaw. Why, then, did they submit to the annoyance? Because Julia Maxwell had a strong love for Katey Connor, the pretty, gentle niece of Mrs. Crabshaw, upon whom she was entirely dependent. Oh, what bitter bread did poor Katey eat in that charming cottage! Her plain stuff dress clung to her, almost like the shirt of Nessus, nearly breaking her gentle heart when she recalled the cruel words which had been said when it was given to her.

"Now mind, Kate," said the donor, "that dress is to last you six months; your last has gone in five. Recollect, you have no one in the wide world to give you a farthing, or a meal, or shelter, but me. You are my sister's child, it is true; but she married like a fool—married a penniless sailor, a fellow whose whole property was the cockade in his hat and the skewer by his side. He was, luckily, drowned, or there might have been a dozen of you to provide for. Hardly that, though, as your mother, without caring a straw for her relations, died five years afterward, and left you and your brother Thomas as her only legacies."

Those five years of which Mrs. Crabshaw spoke so often were crowded with such happy memories that Katey drew enough of consolation from them as made endurance of her aunt's cruelty possible. And, then, when she came to know and love Julia Maxwell, and could talk to her of the dear mother she remembered so well, and of her brave father, who seemed to her the shadow of a dream, and of her dear brother Tom away in the Far West, but whose brotherly heart poured out its loving thoughts once a month at least—why, when this happy friendship came to her she felt that the good God was tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, and that there was a bright future in store for her.

It was the custom in Granvale at Christmas time to decorate the old church edifice with pretty devices, expressive of the glad season. But this Christmastide they were likely to be deprived of the red berries and glittering leaves of the holly, which lent such a pleasant effect to the whole, as a destroying blast had swept over every bush in the neighborhood of Granvale, with the exception of those growing in the shrubbery of Mrs. Crabshaw. Now the choristers were at odds with that agreeable lady, having refused to adopt an anthem of her composing; and when application was made to her for permission to gather a few twigs for the ornamentation of the pulpit, Mrs. Crabshaw flatly refused.

But there were pleasanter people in Granvale than Mrs. Crabshaw, and none pleasanter than Mr. Fleming, the young doctor, who had already proved a great acquisition in every way to the society of the neighborhood. Of course Mr. Fleming was intimate with the Maxwells, and was at all times a welcome visitor; yet it was rather strange that he should always call by accident—of course only by accident—when Kate had respite from her thraldom, and came to spend the afternoon or evening with Julia Maxwell.

One day Susan, Mrs. Crabshaw's maid, had been sent to the surgery for her mistress's box of pills—considered to be digestive, and Mrs. C. had a superfluity of bile which made such appliances needful—when Mr. Fleming, after much coughing and hemming, said:

"Susan, will you do me a little favor?"

"La! sir; yes, if I can," replied Susan.

"Would you—would you—that is, will you kindly give a note to Miss Connor for me?"

"A note to Miss Connor!" exclaimed Susan, in great alarm. "Why, it's as much as my place is worth; and, though missus is a Tartar, I've been in such bad services that I don't want to leave. No, sir, if you please, don't ask me."

"Well, I won't," said Mr. Fleming, thoughtfully. "Wait a moment, however."

Mr. Fleming went into his consulting-room, taking with him a large phial. Through the neck of the little bottle he cleverly inserted a piece of rolled-up paper, which really might have been a note. He then carefully corked the phial, tied over that a pink nightcap, added a label on which he wrote, "The mixture as before—Miss Connor;" and when all this was done, he inclosed the phial in a professional wrapper, sealing-waxed the ends, and addressed it outside to his interesting patient.

Susan, quite unconscious that she was playing the part of a go-between, returned home, and delivered pills and potion to their respective owners.

What did Mr. Fleming mean by the mixture as before? If the phial contained a love-letter, had he written upon love to Kate at any time? Yes, he had; and, wonderful to relate, Mrs. Crabshaw had not discovered the circumstance. He had only written once or twice, at the most; but what he had said had made Katey so happy—oh, how happy! She had not replied to him as yet. She had not dared to commit to paper all that her pure heart wished to tell him.

Mr. Fleming guessed at something like this, and the note he had sent was to say that Miss Maxwell was to invite Katey the next day to make one of a party to the county town, and that she *must* get permission to go.

When Miss Maxwell's invitation arrived, Katey grew so bold that she hardly made her desire to accept it a request. She really said, "Aunt, Miss Maxwell has asked me to be of a party to-morrow, and I so wish to go. I presume I may?"

"Hasn't she asked me?" said Mrs. Crabshaw, sharply.

"Not in my note, aunt," replied Katey. "I fancy the major takes us in his phaeton, and I suppose there would not be room for you."

"Indeed! very considerate! What am I to do? Mope here by myself, I suppose."

Kate thought at that moment "silence was silver," so she did not speak until nearly ten minutes had passed. She then said, in a much firmer tone than she usually adopted when addressing her formidable aunt:

"I presume I may go to-morrow?"

"Y-e-es," replied Mrs. Crabshaw, as though she had something more to say, but, upon second thoughts, declined saying it. So, with a light heart, Kate went to her little bedroom to prepare for the morrow.

Mr. Fleming had returned from a long round of visits, and was composing himself to a reconsideration of some of his cases, when he was startled by the announcement that Mrs. Crabshaw was in the surgery, and wished to speak with him. What could she want at that time of night? Had Susan been treacherous, and delivered his note to Katey to the terrible aunt? Pshaw! he cared not. If Kate loved him, and this cruel aunt treated her more unkindly on account of her love for him—why, it would but hasten their marriage, and occasion another appeal to his own dear aunt, from whom he had only kept his secret until Kate's silence should be broken.

"Shut the door, Mr. Fleming," said Mrs. Crabshaw, quite disregarding the doctor's smiles and bow.

"I dare say you are surprised to see me here at this time of night, but I want your assistance."

"I would have come——"

"No, I don't like doctors coming to the house. It sets people talking, and then all kinds of complaints are given to you. No. In a few words, I have not slept well these five nights, though I have taken my pills regularly. Now, I must sleep; it is more needful to me than to many people. I want you, then, to give me a—what you call a sudorific—no, not that——"

"A soporific, I suppose, you mean," said Mr. Fleming, calmly.

"Yes, something that is quick in action—send me off in a minute or two."

"I understand," said Mr. Fleming. Pray, step into the consulting-room, there is a fire there, and I will not detain you many minutes."

Mrs. Crabshaw, though not usually compliant, went into the patients' waiting-room. What was that wicked doctor thinking of? Was he devising a potion to send Mrs. Crabshaw to sleep during the next day? If so, he was to be disappointed, as that excellent lady, having tasted the draught, quietly recorked it and put it in her pocket.

Never was a lovelier December morning than that which followed, and the major and the young people looked forward to a pleasant holiday. The major was very methodical, as most old soldiers are who have been in command. He rose, ate and drank, walked, and went to bed with the utmost regularity. From this rule he never varied, and on the morning of the projected holiday he had not departed from it. Julia and Kate were a very, very long time up-stairs, talking about—well, I fancy we can guess the subject of their conversation, the more so as Katey concluded by saying, blushing all over her face and forehead:

"And he will see us off, and have finished his round by three, and meet us at half-past."

Who was he? Oh, of course, the doctor.

The clock struck twelve, the hour appointed for the departure of the little party. The phaeton was at the gate; but the major was not there, as was his wont, caressing his old charger, now reduced to the shafts. The girls hastened down-stairs, and on entering the breakfast-room Julia uttered a shrill scream, which Katey echoed. There, with closed eyes and stertorous breathing, sat the major in his armchair, insensible to all the efforts made to wake him.

To send for Mr. Fleming was the work of a moment. He examined his patient rapidly, yet carefully. After a pause, he said, half to himself:

"This is very extraordinary. What has he taken?"

"Nothing, sir, that I knows on," said the cook, frightened, in case she should be thought to have poisoned her master. "Nothing but his coffee."

Mr. Fleming took three or four strong sniffs at the coffeepot, and then his face lighted up.

"Has your aunt been out this morning, Miss Connor?"

"No, Mr. Fleming—no. At least I should say not," replied Katey, wondering at the question.

"Oh, yes, but she has, miss," said the cook, still flustered; "she was in my kitchen this morning. She came to borrow two fresh eggs."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fleming; "you can go, cook;" and then, turning to the ladies, he added: "I am afraid our party must be postponed until to-morrow, as Major Maxwell will probably sleep until seven or eight o'clock. He is in no danger, be assured of that. We will have some holly for the church yet. Good-morning for the present."

Mr. Fleming walked straight to The Rosery, and went at once to the room where he had seen, through the window, Mrs. Crabshaw, calmly knitting. He threw back the door with a bang, and then, clasping his hands together, exclaimed:

"Heaven be thanked! What a mercy! You have not taken the draught I gave you last night?"

"What if I had?" asked Mrs. Crabshaw, tartly.

"What! You would not have been knitting in that chair! In the hurry of the moment I discovered this morning that I had used a drug which would have been fatal."

"What does the man mean?" cried Mrs. Crabshaw, jumping up. "You don't mean to say there was poison in the bottle?"

"I do; but you are saved. I must now hasten back to poor Major Maxwell, who has been seized with an attack which puzzles me exceedingly. He seems to have taken poison; but I have sent the remainder of his coffee to be analyzed by Doctor Winterton."

"You have?" cried Mrs. Crabshaw.

"Oh, by-the-by, pray give me the draught you had, in case of accidents."

"Oh, Lord! I've not got it—I—I——"

"I see it all," said Fleming, apparently terrified; "you have given that draught to the major."

"No!"

"Yes, you were seen in the kitchen this morning. You are guilty, Mrs. Crabshaw."

"No, no! I did not intend to harm him. You are the one to blame; you made the mixture."

"But you administered it. He may yet be saved."

"Then save him!" cried Mrs. Crabshaw. "Do it at once."

"But who is to pay me? It is a case of great anxiety—antidotes most costly. I can't charge the family."

"I'll pay! I'll pay!" said the excited woman.

"Ah, you promise now! No, write me your authority to act. Write 'Let him have all he wants—Sarah Crabshaw.'"

"Lor, what a suspicious man you are. There; but, Mr. Fleming, you won't betray me if I pay handsomely?"

"Not if I can help it; but of that hereafter. I hope to spare your conscience the painful reflection that the major has gone to his long sleep through your agency. Good-morning."

Mrs. Crabshaw sat for a few moments almost gasping in her chair. She then rang the bell, and ordered—well, it was not tea.

Mr. Fleming could not confine himself to walking when he left The Rosery, but ran—fairly ran himself out of breath by the time he had reached The Briers.

The major still slept, but Mr. Fleming's assurance that his sleep was harmless allowed the ladies to be at liberty to entertain the doctor, who seemed determined to make the most of the major's case, as it was nearly four before he left the house, and then Kate went with him to the door.

Mrs. Crabshaw's state of mind was not to be envied, evidently, as Mr. Fleming found three notes from her waiting him on his return home, inquiring anxiously of his patient, to which he replied:

"Dear Madame—Progressing, but not conscious. Yours truly, ARTHUR FLEMING."

"Not conscious! The man's dying to a certainty. And that Fleming will make me pay finely. Here, Susan! I shall go to bed. Fetch home Miss Kate; tell her I'm poorly;" and to poor Katey's sorrow, she had to hurry away from The Briers just as Julia was advising with her on the form of her reply to Mr. Fleming.

About eight o'clock the major awoke. His consternation was extreme when he learned what had happened, and it was some time before Mr. Fleming satisfied him that the attack could be easily explained.

Meanwhile the decorations of the church were nearly completed, and the last load of greenery had arrived and was lying at the lych-gate waiting to be conveyed into the church, when Daniel Denman, who had been employed to collect it, emptied, to the delight of the decorators, from a sack some fifty twigs of holly, with berries redder than the laughing lips of the pretty maidens who welcomed the treasure.

It was impossible to keep such a matter a secret in Granvale, and before midday Mrs. Crabshaw had heard from one of her emissaries that her shrubbery had been invaded, and that the pulpit was already all aglow with red berries purloined from her trees. Mrs. Crabshaw's wrath was tremendous, and poor Dan Denman was condemned and executed forthwith—or would have been, had Mrs. Crabshaw been absolute in Granvale. She hardly gave herself time to put on her bonnet and cloak, and ultimately left home without her umbrella, an instrument without which she never went abroad, and was popularly supposed to take to bed with her. She had nearly reached the church when she met the delinquent, Dan Denman.

"You vagabond!" she exclaimed; "I'll trounce you for this. I'll prosecute you with the utmost rigor of the law, and transport you if I can."

"What for, marm?" asked Dan, coolly. "What have I done wrong, marm?"

"What! You have been stealing my holly, you vagabond," replied Mrs. Crabshaw, shaking her clinched hand in Dan's face.

"You can't make that out stealing for what you've got anybody's written hand for, and I've got yours, marm," said Dan coolly again.

"Mine! What does the fellow mean?"

"Here it is, marm," replied Dan, producing a piece of paper, and showing it to the blacksmith, who had, with others, been attracted by the altercation. "Here it is, Ben; read it—'Let him have all he wants—Sarah Crabshaw.'"

The astonished lady went perfectly pale, and opened her mouth and stared with her small gray eyes, to the amusement of the lookers-on, whilst Dan carefully folded up the paper and put it into his pocket. As soon as Mrs. Crabshaw could speak, she said, or rather gasped out, "Give me that paper!"

"No, thankee, marm," replied Dan. "You're agoing to prosecute me accordin' to law, and I may want this here authority of your'n to show the judges. No, thankee, marm."

Mrs. Crabshaw had sufficiently recovered her faculties to see that she had better beat a retreat, which she did, making way at once to Mr. Fleming's house. She entered the surgery without the ceremony of ringing the bell, and was fortunate enough to find the young doctor.

"Well, sir!" she said, and then pulled up.

"Ah, Mrs. Crabshaw, just the person I wanted to see. I am now going to the major."

"The major!" exclaimed Mrs. Crabshaw. "A pretty trick you have played me, sir. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Well, I am a little ashamed of myself," replied Fleming, calmly; "but I will endeavor to make you amends by interceding with the major."

"What do you mean?"

"I find he is so much disturbed—alarmed in fact—at what has occurred, that I am bound in honor and feeling to acquaint him with the true cause. If he insists on knowing who dosed him I must tell him; but I will make conditions with him that he shall not prosecute you."

"Prosecute me!"

"Yes; I have other reasons, Mrs. Crabshaw, for saving you from such a disgrace, which you shall know in a few days. I must now wish you good-morning, as I have patients to attend; so pray excuse me."

Mr. Fleming bowed, and left Mrs. Crabshaw to her own reflections, which were too confusing to be describable.

With great caution Mr. Fleming approached the cause of the major's attack. The indignation of the major was very demonstrative, and it required all the oratorical powers of Julia and Mr. Fleming to make him respect the promise he had given. He calmed down at last, on the assurance that every means should be used to induce Mrs. Crabshaw to leave the village. In a few months this desirable object was effected, as Mr. Fleming's good aunt sent him a check for one thousand pounds, and with it her earnest request that he would take to his home, as he had already taken to his heart, poor Katey Connor. And as good fortune, like bad luck, seldom comes alone, Katey's brother Tom sent her home a moiety of his first savings to buy her wedding garments, and a hundred pounds more than sufficed to do that.

It was September when Granvale Church was again decorated, but not with holly then or other winter growths. No; flowers—lovely flowers—were about the altar and the pulpit, and bright and happy faces of old and young were gathered in the church, as on that day Katey Connor was married to Arthur Fleming.

THE NEW CITY GOVERNMENT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

WE publish in this week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER the portraits, with brief biographical sketches, of the Mayor and Supervisors of the city of San Francisco, being the newly-elected incoming municipal government.

San Francisco is governed, under the provisions of the Consolidation Act, by a Mayor and twelve Supervisors, representing as many wards, whose official term is two years. The municipal elections are held annually, in September, the odd or even numbered wards choosing their Supervisors alternately. Thus, in the accompanying portrait-gallery the six representing odd numbers are hold-overs from 1868, and the remainder, those who were elected last September.

The new Supervisors took their seats on the first Monday in December, 1869. Politically, the Board is composed of eight Republicans and four Democrats. Their places of nativity are as follows: Ireland, 4; New York, 3; Germany, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Ohio, 1; Maryland, 1; Kentucky, 1. The oldest member, Mr. Ashbury, is fifty-two years of age; the youngest, Mr. Kelly, is thirty-one. The average age of the board is thirty-nine years. Four are under thirty-five, and seven under forty years of age.

Thomas H. Selby, Mayor of San Francisco.

The Mayor-elect of San Francisco, whose name heads this sketch, was one of the earliest, as he is among the most eminent, of the merchants of the Pacific coast. Mr. Selby is a native of the city of New York, where his first employment was in the house of A. T. Stewart. He and his young friend Cyrus W. Field, the afterward celebrated Atlantic Telegraph con-

tractor, were long in Mr. Stewart's store as clerks. After a business experience, on his own account, of a few years, the young man joined the tide of humanity then setting toward the Pacific coast upon the discovery of gold, arrived in San Francisco in the year 1849, and inaugurated the present house of Thomas H. Selby & Co., of which Mr. P. Naylor is the New York partner. Mr. Selby's twenty years' experience in San Francisco is historical. He has been a leading actor in many of the principal public movements, social and commercial, and his restless genius has originated some of the most important business enterprises on the Pacific coast. The great Smelting Works, the Shot-Tower, and numerous other branches of industry, are the creations of his prolific brain, serving to develop the resources of California, and giving employment to hundreds of laborers. Mr. Selby has always been a conservative man, never an active partisan, and preferring the legitimate walks of business to the noisy machinery of political excitement. He has, however, repeatedly been forced into politics by the solicitations of influential friends and shrewd campaign managers, who foresaw success for any ticket strengthened by the popularity and prestige of his name. In 1851 he was elected assistant alderman, and in 1852, alderman of the Fifth Ward, on the Whig ticket; and then, as at the late election for the mayoralty, his name was placed on nearly every one of the various independent tickets in the field. He was elected by heavy majorities, and his record in those early days bears the closest scrutiny for the industry, wisdom, and stern integrity that distinguished his services. In September, 1869—seventeen years afterward—the citizens of San Francisco organized a "Tax-Payers'" or Independent Party, and, by special committees, insisted upon Mr. Selby's becoming their nominee for mayor. He repeatedly declined, but they refused to take No for an answer, representing to him that he was the only man with the requisite strength to insure success. The result fully justified their predictions. Mr. Selby was triumphantly elected, and took his seat as Mayor of the Golden City in the first week of December, 1869. As we have said above, Mr. Selby belonged to the old Whig party until its dissolution with the death of Clay and Webster, when, with thousands of other Whigs, he joined the Democracy, with whom he has acted thenceforward. He has, however, always eschewed politics as a trade, and now, being elected mayor by independent voters, irrespective of party, he can consistently ignore political claims, and, untrammeled by partisan fetters, administer the government for the benefit and best good of the whole people. This, in fact, he has already announced as his policy, from which nothing will tempt him to deviate. Besides his city residence in San Francisco, Mayor Selby has an elegant country-seat at San Mateo, about an hour's railroad-ride from town, which is one of the finest and most productive estates in California. As Mayor of San Francisco, his administration promises to be a signal success. Rarely has the executive of a wealthy and intelligent community entered upon the sphere of his duties so completely in accord with the various members and branches of the government. The mayor's official term extends to December, 1871, and for the interval San Francisco anticipates with confidence an epoch of harmonious legislation and municipal good government and prosperity.

Henry Winkle, Supervisor, First Ward.

Mr. Winkle arrived in California in March, 1849, and, locating at Sacramento, was a real estate broker there until 1854, when he removed to San Francisco, and engaged in his original business of a baker, which he had followed for several years in New York. At Sacramento he was the principal mover in, and the originator of, the Sacramento Valley Railroad, now one of the principal roads in the State. He is at present a prominent real estate operator in San Francisco, and was elected to the Board in 1868 on the Democratic ticket. Born in Germany in 1821, and came to the United States in 1839. He is largely interested in the Pioneer Cement Company of Benicia, of which he is the President.

John Harrold, Supervisor, Second Ward.

The present is the second term of Mr. Harrold, who was elected last fall by a large majority from the Second Ward, as he was also in the election of 1867. He is a member of the well-known firm of Lyon & Harrold, proprietors of the largest and principal brewery in San Francisco. He was born in the city of New York in 1830, where he became a member of the firm of Pirnie & Co., brewers, for some years, and arrived in California in 1852. Mr. Harrold is a Republican in politics, and at both the above elections was the unanimous nominee of the Republican Municipal Convention of San Francisco.

Edward Flaherty, Supervisor, Third Ward.

Mr. Flaherty went to San Francisco in 1860 from New York, where he was born, in 1837. He was elected a member of the Board in 1867, to fill the unexpired term of W. B. Fairman, deceased, and was re-elected in 1868 for the present full term, which expires in December, 1870. Mr. Flaherty is a liquor merchant, and in politics is a Republican. In both the above instances he was elected by large majorities.

Timothy McCarthy, Supervisor, Fourth Ward.

Mr. McCarthy was born in the City of New York, in September, 1838, and learned the trade of house carpenter there. In March, 1859, he went to California, and has since resided in San Francisco, having been engaged extensively in mining operations and in the liquor business. In September, 1869, he received the nomination of the Republican Convention for Supervisor of the Fourth Ward, and although his Democratic opponent was considered to be the strongest man in the ward, Mr. McCarthy's popularity was attested by his majority of 276 out of nearly 1,500 votes cast. In politics he is a Republican. He is well versed in parliamentary usages, is an active business man, and has acquired a thorough knowledge of the municipal affairs of San Francisco.

Monroe Ashbury, Supervisor, Fifth Ward.

This gentleman, the oldest member of the city government of San Francisco, has been thrice elected from the Fifth Ward—his popularity being unabated through all the political changes and exciting local issues during his successive terms, and his name having been intimately associated with the legislation and material progress of the city. In deference to his seniority, as well as for his quickness and discernment as a chairman, the Board have always chosen him to preside over their deliberations in the absence of the Mayor—a task in which he has acquitted himself with invariable courtesy and promptness. His knowledge of municipal affairs is not exceeded by that of any other public officer of San Francisco. Mr. Ashbury was born in 1817, in Washington County, Maryland, and resided several years in St Louis before going to California, where he arrived in May, 1850. His business there is that of a real estate dealer. He was twice elected on the People's ticket, and the third time by the Republicans, of which party he is a member.

Alexander Badlam, Supervisor, Sixth Ward.

The subject of this sketch has been identified with California and her interests for several years. He was born in Ohio. His father's family removed to Cambridge, Mass., where the subject of this sketch received his early education. He crossed the plains with his parents in 1851, and settled in Sacramento. In 1864, at the early age of twenty-seven, he was elected to the California Legislature from Sacramento County, and distinguished himself by application to business, and persistent opposition to numerous corrupt bills. He removed to San Francisco in the following year, where he has since resided. In September, 1869, although the honor was unsolicited by himself, he received the unanimous nomination of the "Tax-Payers" or Independent Municipal Convention for Supervisor of the Sixth Ward, and was also the nominee of the Republican Convention. His election was by the largest ward majority on these tickets. Mr. Badlam's acquaintanceship reaches to every portion of San Francisco, where his genial address and popular manners have won for him a wide circle of friends. While in the Legislature, he was prominent as a parliamentarian, and for his activity in defending San Francisco against the schemes of an organized band of lobby-members. Although one of the youngest members in the new city government of San Francisco, he is among the ablest and most influential.

Richard Ring, Supervisor, Seventh Ward.

The subject of this sketch was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, in 1831, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age. In 1849, Mr. Ring, who had just learned the dry-goods trade, came to the United States, landing in Boston, where he found lucrative and congenial employment until he went to San Francisco, where he arrived in 1852. Engaging in the grocery and produce business, he has gradually acquired a handsome property, especially in valuable real estate, in the growing city of his adoption. In 1868 he was elected to the Board of Supervisors from the Seventh Ward, beating his Republican competitor nearly 300 votes. Mr. Ring is, and always has been, a Democrat, and an unwavering and consistent Union man.

Charles R. Story, Supervisor, Eighth Ward.

Mr. Story is a native of Manchester, Mass., where he was born in 1824. After preparing for college, he served an apprenticeship at the drug business in Boston, subsequently carried on the same business for four and a half years in Salem, Mass., whence, in March, 1849, he sailed for California, in the bark La Grange, arriving there in September, the same year. Mr. Story has been extensively engaged in the drug, paint, and oil business in San Francisco, a portion of the time as a member of the firm of Story, Redington & Co. In December, 1868, terminated his second term as Tax Collector of the city and county of San Francisco, he having, in four and a half years, paid into the Treasury about twelve millions of dollars, and retiring with a reputation for strict integrity, and a most efficient administration of the duties of the office. He is at present associated with ex-Mayor Coon, in the California agency of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., and is President of the California Land Exchange. Mr. Story is a Republican, and was elected to the Board of Supervisors in September last, on the "Tax-Payers'" or Independent ticket.

A. J. Shrader, Supervisor, Ninth Ward.

Mr. Shrader has been three times elected to the Board—in May, 1864; in September, 1866; and again in November, 1868; making six years of continuous municipal public service. His present term will expire in the fall of 1870. He is a native of the State of Kentucky, where he was born in 1826, and went thence to San Francisco in September, 1849. He is a Republican, and has always been returned by flattering majorities of his constituents, among whom, as well as in the city at large, he enjoys an enviable popularity.

James Adams, Supervisor, Tenth Ward.

Mr. Adams, for many years a resident of the Tenth Ward, was elected on the "Tax-Payers'" or Independent ticket, in September, 1869, by a handsome majority. He was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1830, and, coming to America in 1846, established himself as a grocer in Philadelphia, where he continued in business until 1852, when he removed to California, and cultivated a farm at Bodega for two years, after which he became a hay and grain dealer in San Francisco. For several years past Mr. Adams has been extensively engaged in real estate transactions, which, we believe, is now his principal business. In politics he is Republican.

P. H. Canavan, Supervisor, Eleventh Ward.

Mr. Canavan was appointed to his position in the City Government by Mayor McCoppin, in 1867, who vacated it at that time to assume the Mayoralty of San Francisco. Immediately upon entering the Board, he assumed a decided stand against what in that city is known as "The Ring"—a political junta familiar as well to other legislative bodies—and we believe it was on the first night of his taking his seat that he delivered a philippic against that famous or infamous combination, in which he expressed the sentiment, that "for all caucuses, cliques, or rings, or any clandestine or underhand proceedings, by whatever name they were called, he had the most sovereign contempt." He has always been unhesitating and positive in his opposition to "The Ring," and seems indifferent whether he stands alone in that opposition or is backed up by others. On all occasions where firmness in the discharge of his official duties, or where circumstances of peculiar delicacy have transpired, Mr. Canavan has borne himself in a courageous, gentlemanly and highly creditable manner, and his conduct has been generally applauded. Mr. Canavan is about thirty-eight years of age, and was born in Longford, Ireland. He received a liberal classical education, has especially pleasing manners, and is well up in the modern languages. He came to the United States when quite a boy, and resided in New York, where he was engaged in the wine importing business until 1861, when he went to California, where he soon recommenced and has ever since continued the same business.

M. J. Kelly, Supervisor, Twelfth Ward.

Mr. Kelly is the youngest member of the Board. He was born in Kings County, Ireland, in June, 1838, and emigrating to New York when a mere lad, served an apprenticeship in carriage-making in that city with John Swinerton. He has resided fifteen years in San Francisco, where he was engaged in the same business until the spring of 1869, when he formed a partnership with B. J. Shay in the purchase and sale of real estate, under the name of Kelly & Shay, Real Estate Agents. Mr. Kelly was elected to the Board in September, 1869, on the Democratic ticket, and by a majority which argues great popularity among his constituents.

THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

On the first page of this paper a spirited illustration is given of the reception of the remains of the late George Peabody, on board the British screw ship-of-war Monarch, to be conveyed to the United States and placed in the family vault at Danvers, Massachusetts. To accommodate the progress of the funeral cortége, the bulwarks of the Monarch, as she lay at the dock in the navy yard at Portsmouth, were removed. In the previous edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a full description of the ceremonies attending the reception of the body was given. But little more remains to be said. The Monarch was specially detailed by the Lords of the Admiralty for the service. Her commander, Captain John Commerell, on its being intimated to him that he would be officially requested to take charge of and convey the corpse of the philanthropist to America, immediately set about putting his noble ship in order. She was towed to the railway jetty in the dockyard, a pavilion was raised for the temporary reception, on the quarter-deck, of the remains, and a convenient space between decks fitted up as a mortuary chapel—an illustration of which, together with the vessel, has already been given. The Monarch is now near the American coast. Her arrival may be looked for, toward the close of the week, at Portland, Maine, accompanied by the United States corvette Plymouth, commanded by Captain McComb. In the "Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press" will also be found an engraving of the full deck of the Monarch; also, one of the embarkation of the body.

It was long supposed that the Pacific Ocean was higher than the Atlantic. The surveys at Panama in connection with the railway showed this to be incorrect. The mean level of both oceans is the same, but the tide rises higher and falls lower on the Pacific side of the Isthmus than on the Atlantic side. The Suez Canal has proved, however, that the Red Sea is higher than the Mediterranean, so much so as to give a current of three miles an hour near Suez, and a mile and a half at the Mediterrancan end. The cause is simple, and consists in the extraordinary evaporation of the waters of the Mediterranean. This great inland sea is fed from the east by the powerful current of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles from the Black Sea, and from the Atlantic Ocean in the west through the Straits of Gibraltar, and by numerous rivers on both sides, and yet the hot and thirsty winds which sweep across it from the great desert of Africa keep it down by evaporation below the general ocean level. The evaporation from the Red Sea per square mile, with a roasting desert on each side, and nearer the equator, is immensely greater than that from the Mediterranean; but as the Red Sea is only a narrow gulf running up from the Indian Ocean, its aggregate loss is comparatively small and easily supplied.

Sausages were mentioned as early as 1580, and described in a dictionary of that day as "a pudding called a sawsege stuffed into skins, and sometimes only rolled in flour." But these savory edibles were made long before 1580, and were called *weasels*, whose long thin bodies they resembled. A recipe for making these *weasels* is given in the very curious "Liber Cure Cocorum" of about 1450: "First, grind pork, temper it with eggs and powder of pepper and canel; close it in a capon's neck or a pig's paunch (or gut), roast it well, and then varnish it with batter of eggs and flour, to serve in hall or else in bower."

NEWS BREVITIES.

Paris did an unusually dull holiday trade.

Ohio courts divorced 1,003 couples last year.

Californians count on nearly one million of peach trees in their orchards.

The association of Williams College Alumni meet in Boston on the 12th inst.

That seven-ounce diamond found at Armidale, Australia, turns out to be quartz.

The Charleston "News" appeals to the planters of the South to diversify their crops.

The photograph of J. Wilkes Booth has been stolen from Philadelphia's Rogues' Gallery.

A shoe manufacturer in Lynn, Mass., has given $10,000 to the Boston Theological Library.

Mr. Thornton, British Minister at Washington, will represent the Queen at the Peabody obsequies.

School-teachers in Arkansas complain bitterly that they are compelled to learn to labor and to wait for their pay.

Ohio has but three daily Democratic papers—the Cincinnati "Enquirer," the Cleveland "Plain-Dealer," and the Columbus "Statesman."

Owing to the unusually mild winter a heavier grape crop is anticipated for next season in California than has ever before been known.

The San Antonio "Herald" urges the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment by the Texas Legislature, as an imperative and pressing duty.

The trustees of the institution for the education of the blind, in Massachusetts, ask Boston to give them $50,000, and the rest of the State as much more.

While the authorities of two towns in Maine were disputing which should support a pauper family, three of the children belonging to it starved to death.

A Kansas County Treasurer recently made a tour of his county to collect the taxes, and succeeded in raising $3.60. He will send out his deputy next time.

Prince Arthur and his party were more successful in their moose-hunting expedition than was first reported. They "bagged" one moose, one bear, and five deer.

Newburyport, Mass., suffered last year from twenty-six fires. Of these sixteen were caused by incendiaries, and in the case of five others the cause was unknown.

There are forty-one insurance companies in Maine—thirty-four fire, six for marine, and one for life. Besides there are sixty-seven insurance companies doing business in the State.

Almost every day's Southern exchanges mention the fact that gin-houses, frequently containing many bales of cotton, here and there in the South, have been burned by incendiaries.

Four hundred letters were recently discovered by an agent of the Post Office Department at a hotel in Boston, addressed to guests, but never delivered. He sent them to the Dead-Letter Office.

A school-teacher named Akers was tried at Bloomington, Ill., last week, for cruelly punishing one of his pupils. The evidence showed that he had inflicted eighty-three lashes with a double switch of osage and apple.

It is mentioned as something wonderful that a man in San Francisco is now building an ærial machine which will outfly the Avitor. So far as the public know, almost any machine, even a stationary engine, will do that.

A few days ago, a man, his wife, nine children and an aged mother—twelve persons in all—came to Vineland, N.J., from Nevada, in order to have the benefit of churches and good schools, and to get rid of groggeries and faro banks.

Recently the Sherman Brigade had a reunion in Mansfield, Ohio. Senator Sherman, by whom it was organized, and for whom it was named, presided, and General Sherman sent a letter expressing regret at his inability to be present.

The Directors of the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad Company, in Maine, have formally resolved that they will not appoint any person to office, or employ any person in the service of their company, who uses intoxicating liquor as a beverage.

The people of Bath, Me., having declined to support a course of lectures and entertainments this winter, the committee of the "Union Course" have decided to discontinue the remainder of the advertised list, and to redeem the tickets sold.

The Saco (Me.) "Independent" says a tin box similar to a common blacking-box, filled with powder and percussion-caps fastened together with a lead band, was found one day last week in a cargo of coal which was sent to a firm in that city.

The steamship China, which recently arrived at San Francisco from China and Japan, brought 3,600 cards of silkworms' eggs, which are coming through to New York by the way of the Pacific Railroad. Their destination is Lyons, France.

The editor of what is now the first paper in Oregon, who was the first graduate of the Oregon University, is making his first visit east of the Mississippi. He is now in Springfield, Mass., and can't help wondering that "everything is so old around there."

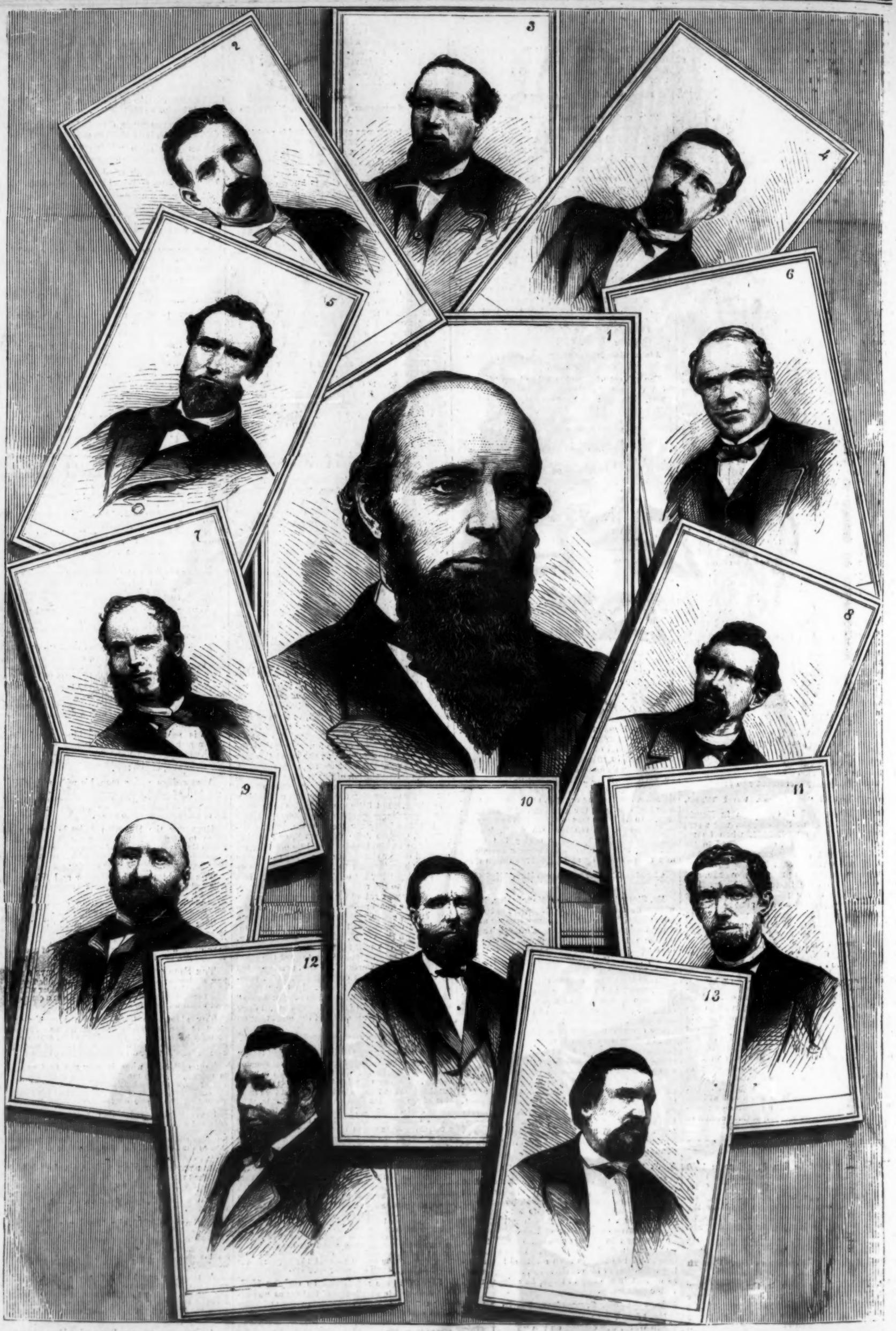
Sixteen Congregational clergymen were ordained and installed in New Hampshire last year. Three were dismissed, and four died. There are a hundred and ninety-one churches of the denomination in the State, and about nineteen thousand members.

A druggist in Marysville, Cal., found his wife dead when he awoke on Monday morning of last week. She had been ill for some time, but her death had not been anticipated. The husband returned to his own room, and, lying down on the bed, blew his brains out.

In the year 1869, the Camden and Philadelphia Steamboat Ferry Company carried across the river on their boats over two millions of passengers. These figures do not include those who passed over on the boats of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company.

A monster trout was taken with a hook and line from Lake Bigler, Cal., on the 23d of December. It measured three feet from nose to tail, and weighed twenty-six pounds. In 1863 a trout taken from the same lake weighed forty-five pounds and four ounces.

A correspondent writes a glowing account of the grandeur of the Northern Lights as seen in Cornwall, this State, recently. The northwestern heavens, he says, were brilliantly lighted up by the flashing, ever-moving light, which assumed the shape of domes, arches, steeples, etc., and displayed colors from a pale yellow to a deep red.



1. Thomas H. Selby, Mayor of San Francisco. 2. M. J. Kelly, Twelfth Ward. 3. A. J. Shrader, Ninth Ward. 4. John Harrold, Second Ward. 5. James Adams, Tenth Ward. 6. Monroe Ashbury, Fifth Ward. 7. Alexander Badlam, Sixth Ward. 8. Edward Flaherty, Third Ward. 9. Henry Winkle, First Ward. 10. Charles R. Story, Eighth Ward. 11. Richard Ring, Seventh Ward. 12. P. H. Canavan, Eleventh Ward. 13. Timothy McCarthy, Fourth Ward.

CALIFORNIA.—THE MAYOR AND SUPERVISORS OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO.—SEE PAGE 313.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—SALT LAKE BRANCH RAILROAD, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, FROM SALT LAKE CITY TO THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 324.

MASTERLESS.

PRANCING and shaking his bit with delight,
Arching his neck and tossing his mane,
The war-horse bears proudly a gallant knight;
And the morning sun on his armor bright
Casts many a golden stain.

Midday is nearing, when swords fiercely gleam,
And the horses need never the heel;
They rush to the fray like an angry stream,
'Midst conquering shout and agonized scream,
And clash of steel upon steel.

And the evening-bell from the tower tolls
As the sun sinks 'midst leaden-hued clouds,
And the priests pray low for departed souls,
No song the home-going villager trolls,
And vultures gather in crowds.

Galloping madly, in desperate flight,
Nostrils distended, snorting with pain,
Riderless, masterless, wild with affright,
The charger returns alone from the fight.
The knight lies dead on the plain.

THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE COLLISION AND ITS RESULT.

IT was some time before Mark could collect his thoughts sufficiently to enable him to determine what he had best do.

His difficulties were increasing daily, as Amanda was not only growing more unmanageable, but had twice raised the price of her going, hoping that he would be unable to pay it.

Most of Mark's property was in real estate, and though he had given his agent instructions to sell what was needful with the least possible delay, there were the various difficulties and hindrances usual when people want to raise money at short notice.

But matters were becoming unbearable; Amanda's insolence he did not mind, but her fondness, so openly and shamelessly displayed, he could not endure.

He determined to raise what was necessary on mortgage; to give her what she demanded, if it took all he had, even if obliged to sacrifice the beautiful estate that had been in his family five generations.

But the hardest thing to him of all was the pain that he had been forced to give to the gentle heart that so loved and trusted him, and the deception that he was obliged to practice daily.

There were times when he almost wished that he had had the courage to have told her at the outset, and thrown the whole matter into the courts for adjustment. This is what he would have done if he had had only himself to think of.

But it was one of those cases in which one wishes they had acted differently, whatever they do; where to go back is death, to stand still impossible, and to move to the right or left involves one in new dangers and perplexities.

When Mark returned to the house he had come to the conclusion that all that was left him now was to go on, to purchase Amanda's silence at whatever cost, and get her out of the house as soon as possible.

He went directly to his wife's room.

He found her sitting in a low rocker, holding Johnnie as he had often seen her before. Never until now had he entered that room without receiving a loving smile of welcome. She did not even raise her eyes, and Mark saw that she had been weeping.

Crossing the room, he entered his own apartment, which was adjoining.

The door was partly ajar, and as Florence laid Johnnie in his crib, she glanced in. She could not see his face, but her heart smote her as she noticed his weary, dejected attitude.

Stealing softly into the room, she noticed, for the first time, how pale and wan he had grown, and her heart was filled with remorseful tenderness.

"Mark!"

Quickly turning, he opened his arms, and, weeping, Florence threw herself upon his bosom.

"Forgive me!" she sobbed, as soon as she could speak.

"Forgive *you!* My precious love, what have I to forgive?"

But still she repeated it, clinging, weeping, to him.

"I will, if you insist upon it," he said, smiling; "but you must first tell me for what. I cannot absolve you unless you confess."

This Mark said partly to soothe her agitation, and partly because he was anxious to learn how much she suspected.

Florence blushed; it was not an easy thing to speak of the doubts she had entertained, even if they had not been too vague and undefined to put into words.

"I cannot tell you exactly," she faltered; "they were wrong thoughts and feelings, such as I ought never to have cherished for my husband."

Mark's manner suddenly grew grave and earnest, and even more tender than before.

"My dear wife, let us be frank with one another, so far as we can be, and look this thing steadily in the face. My conduct has seemed mysterious to you of late? I have acted in various ways as you did not suppose your husband could act. Is not this so?"

"Yes; but I do not feel so now; I shall never feel so any more."

For some moments Mark stroked her hair in silence, not having sufficient command of his voice to speak.

"Through all our happy married life, Florence, did your husband ever wrong or deceive you?"

"Never."

"Then believe me when I tell you that never was my heart so unswerving in its loyalty; never were you half so dear; never did I give you so great a proof how sacredly I hold your peace and honor! Now I ask you to trust me in the future as you have trusted me in the past, believing that no harm shall come to you that does not descend on me first."

"I will—I do trust you, Mark! and yet I don't want to hurt your feelings, dear, but I can't help suspecting that your cousin is not what you think she is; that she is—a bad woman."

A faint smile came to Mark's lip.

"I *know* that she is a bad woman; you can hardly think so ill of her as I do."

"And yet you invited her to your home, to be the associate of your wife? Oh, Mark!"

"I thought my wife was going to trust me?"

Mark felt the heart throb violently against his own that he was subjecting to so sharp an ordeal.

"My sweetest love, listen to me. Within a week this woman shall leave the house, and never enter it again."

"Oh, Mark, I am so glad! I have not been at all happy since she came, and as for you, you have not been the same person. A week will soon pass away. You will not mind my keeping to my room until she goes?"

"Not in the least; I think it will be much the best plan. I will be with you when at home; I shall be away much of the time. Now let us talk of something pleasanter, Master Johnnie, for instance. I have half a mind to wake him; it is too bad that we should be cheated out of our after-dinner frolic."

Mark well knew that this was a topic of never-failing interest to Florence, in whose discussion she forgot everything else. Johnnie was certainly a very lovely boy; but if he had not been, Florence would have thought, in common with all young mothers, that there had never been such a baby before, and never would be again.

With his arm still around her they went to where he lay quietly sleeping, Florence dilating on his beauty and growth, and relating instances of his astonishing intelligence, Mark listening, in spite of his perplexities, with his heart strengthened and quieted, and especially pleased to see the smiles and color coming back to the face so dear to him.

Amanda had the whole range of the house, but she had it to herself. According to Mark's orders dinner was served at the usual time, and in the usual manner, but neither he nor his wife were present.

Mark was away a good deal; as soon as he returned he went directly to the west wing, and which consisted of the nursery and two suits of rooms, his own and his wife's private apartments; and in spite of her temerity Amanda dared not follow him there.

As for Florence, she was not visible at all, except from the windows of her room, and which were in full view of the main building. In Amanda's watchings and prowlings about she often saw her there, reading, sewing or holding the baby.

She saw Mark there, too, noting all their loving intercourse with a fierce jealousy at her heart that nearly maddened her. She gnashed her teeth with impotent rage as she saw that the very means she had taken to separate them had drawn their hearts still more closely together.

As is usual with those possessing strong passions, Mark's coldness added fuel to the flame of her love—if love it can be called, that had in it not a single gentle or tender thought. Hitherto it was his wealth she coveted, now it was him; and she inwardly resolved that if she could not possess him, no other woman should.

She perceived that it was Mark's design to give her no opportunity for private conference; and so strong was the influence that her love for him gave him over her fierce nature, that she dared not openly defy him as before.

One evening she sent a request to see him, but Mason brought back word that he had already retired to rest.

The next day she waylaid him in the hall, begging, in a wheedling tone, "to see him, just a few minutes."

With one foot on the stairs, and his eyes averted, Mark excused himself on the plea of business, adding:

"You will be glad to learn that I have succeeded in raising the sum you last named. It has been done at the sacrifice of nearly two-thirds of my estate, but I give it cheerfully, trusting that you will now be content. I will get you and Nelly a through ticket, as everything will be so arranged that you can leave here day after to-morrow."

Mark was half-way up-stairs before Amanda recovered from the stupor of rage and astonishment into which this announcement threw her. She had not supposed that her last exorbitant demand *could* be complied with; and far from being pleased with the large amount that was to be placed at her disposal, it threw her into a transport of jealous rage to see this additional proof of how anxious he was to get rid of her.

She understood sufficiently of the character of Florence to rest assured that nothing could induce her to live with another woman's husband. If she could only manage to let her know of the relation in which she stood to Mark without his suspecting that she had anything to do with it! But she dared not so utterly destroy all hope of a reconciliation with him as to do this openly and deliberately. If she could come into collision with Florence, she might let fall something, as if in the heat of passion; this he might overlook.

But no such opportunity was afforded her, nor could she get up any decent excuse for complaint or dissatisfaction. All her demands, however unreasonable, had been complied with, and all the house contained placed at her disposal.

As was her habit, when in any quandary or trouble, Amanda drank deeply; the servants had orders to furnish her with whatever she asked for, and she certainly availed herself of this license, in one respect, to the fullest extent. The bottles that Mason found in her room after her abrupt departure, as he very pertinently remarked, "would have been a small fortune to any one setting up a 'potecary shop."

But her brain was too well seasoned for it to have any effect upon her, save that of irritating her temper, and inflaming her passions.

As Amanda stood at the window looking over to the "west wing," she saw the pony-chaise draw up to the door. It was the same one that Mark had had made for Florence before their marriage, and always considered her exclusive property. Here was the opportunity she was seeking.

The admission that Mark made at their first interview had produced a strong impression on her mind; and she believed if Florence left him, by holding the terrors of the law over his head, she could induce him to acknowledge her claims. She had no thought that her power over him was based on his love for her rival, and his desire to shield her from sorrow; judging from her own selfish nature, she believed that it sprang from personal fear.

Florence had purposed keeping entirely to her rooms until Amanda's departure, but finding Johnnie was suffering from such close confinement, she concluded to give him a short drive, taking the precaution to have the carriage drawn up to the wing door.

Just as she was coming out of the door, with Johnnie in her arms, she saw Amanda approaching, pulling Nelly along, after her usual fashion.

Supposing that she was only going past, Florence stepped back into the entry, under the pretext of adjusting the baby's cloak. But, to her astonishment, she heard Amanda order the groom "to turn the carriage round, so she could get into it."

The man opened his eyes at this extraordinary demand.

"It's Mrs. Fielding's carriage, and she's jest goin' to use it."

"Who's she you call Mrs. Fielding?" sneered Amanda. "If ye don't want yer walkin' papers, do as I tell ye!"

The servants were all weary with Amanda's coarse insolence, and would have left had it not been for the regard they had for their gentle mistress.

James waited impatiently a moment for Mrs. Fielding's reappearance, and then stepped to the door.

"If you please, mum, here's Mrs. Brown a-sayin' as how *she's* goin' to have the carriage. Now I'd like to know who's mistress here, she or you?"

At this Florence came forward.

"I am. Mrs. Brown, there is but one mistress here; you must not interfere with the servants, or give them contrary orders to what I give them."

There was no need for Amanda to work herself up into a passion; she actually foamed at the mouth, looking more like a fiend than a woman.

"An' you has the imperdence to talk to *me* 'bout interferin', that you've crowded out of my rightful home an' place? There ain't but one mistress here, as ye say; an' ye'll find out who 'tis, an' to yer sorrer, too, afore you're a day older! Proud as ye are, I'll have ye on your knees, beggin' me to save ye from the disgrace that's comin'!"

Terrified at this violence, Florence stood pale and trembling, holding her child tightly to her bosom.

"James, go to Mr. Fielding's room, and ask him to come here as quickly as possible."

Mark comprehended the whole scene at a glance.

"Here's him ye call yer husban'," sneered Amanda, as she observed his pale face and agitated manner; "now tell him, as ye threatened to. I say *I'll* have the carriage; now see if he dares to hender me!"

Mark went directly to his wife's side.

"My dear Florence, go to your room, I entreat you."

But that gentle spirit was aroused at last; shaking off his arm, she stood erect, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

"Mr. Fielding, if you will see your wife thus humiliated—if you will not defend me——"

Again Mark put his arms around Florence, and with a tenderness that threw Amanda into a transport of jealous fury.

"How dare ye be fondlin' her, an' callin' her pet names, an' I standin' by—I, yer own lawful wife? Ah, ye may open yer eyes, but it's the truth; he's *my* husban', not your'n; an' this child is his—an' 'twas born in wedlock, an' which is more'n you can say of the dainty bit of flesh an' blood that ye're so fond of! Look into his face! he can't an' dursen't deny it."

Florence turned her eyes slowly on her husband's face, which was almost as pale as hers, and then would have slipped to the ground, if he had not caught her as she fell.

Sinking down upon one knee, Mark supported her head upon his bosom, seemingly oblivious of everything but the white face on which he gazed.

"The bolt has fallen!" he moaned, as he chafed her cold hands; "my poor, crushed lily! if I could only bear this heavy cross alone!"

Then, perceiving a faint color coming back to her face, he carried her to her room, consigning her to the care of Rosa.

He then went to the library.

Amanda followed him, but he paid no heed to her. Summoning Mason, he said:

"Tell the housekeeper to pack Mrs. Brown's trunk, and then send James to me."

Amanda looked astounded; Mark had yielded so much that she was unprepared for this sudden change in his manner.

"Ye'd better think twice afore ye turn me out of yer house, Mark Fielding!"

"You've done your worst."

"No, I h'ain't; I could send ye to state-prison, if I had a mind to. Why won't ye listen to reason, Mark, darlin'? *She* won't never live with ye no more. I love ye a thousand times better, an' ye surely can't forget how fond ye used to be of me."

Forget? no. How he wished he could!

Shaking off the hand upon his shoulder, with a gesture of loathing, Mark turned upon her a face so set and white, that it hardly seemed like his.

"Curse of my life! sooner than live with you, I would spend my days in the most loathsome dungeon! *now* do you understand me?"

It would be strange if she didn't. As Amanda looked upon him, hate, as fierce and evil as the passion it supplanted, took full possession of her soul.

At this moment James made his appearance.

"Bring the carriage to the door, and take Mrs. Brown to the hotel, or depot—to whichever place she wants to go."

Without pausing to her threat, or remonstrance, Mark left the room.

Never were orders obeyed with more alacrity. In an incredibly short space of time the trunks were packed, and the carriage at the door.

Mason's smiling face, who came out into the hall to see her off, was the last drop to the cup of Amanda's rage.

"You'll soon laugh on the other side of your mouth, I reckon! I h'ain't forgot how you kept me standin' on the steps, an' I'll pay you for't, as sure as there's a law in the land! I go; but I shall come back again."

"I hope you'll stay longer, next time, mum," responded Mason, with a dignified and gracious wave of the hand; "such a polite and amiable lady it ain't often my good fortin' to wait on."

With a preliminary shake, Amanda deposited Nelly in one corner of the carriage, and flung herself into the other, and it moved away from the house toward the depot.

Had Amanda's mother lived, she never would have made so foolish a move as this. A shrewd judge of character, Mrs. Burt would have understood where her power over Mark lay, and not pushed matters to such an extremity. But Amanda was entirely swayed and blinded by passion. Infuriated by Mark's repulse of her advances, she determined to make her threat good, even if it brought destruction on her own head.

CHAPTER XXVI.—AMANDA MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.

WITH most people law and lawyers are inseparably connected; and as Amanda's mind was now intent on the former, her pursuit of the latter was a natural consequence.

This business was not altogether new to her, having had one or two "little affairs" in her younger days, which gave her some insight as to the first steps to be taken in this.

So the first walk that Amanda took after she reached the "Hub," was to Court street, with whose geography she was somewhat familiar.

As she moved slowly along, occasionally stepping into an entry to read the list of offices by the door, her eye was arrested by a familiar name. She spelled it over with a curious smile on her lips:

"GADFLY SKIPPIT,"
"Attorney at Law. Room 20."

After hesitating a moment, Amanda ascended the stairs to the room designated.

The man at the desk, and who surveyed her with a sharp, critical eye, did not look much like the sprucely dressed man who befriended her on a former occasion. He was much less carefully got up as to his externals; his linen was soiled, and his coat considerably the worse for wear.

Far from recognizing Amanda, it was with difficulty that she brought herself to his recollection. Nor did he evince a great deal of interest in, or pleasure at seeing her, until she told her errand, and commenced a graphic recital of the story of her wrongs; he then manifested such a lively interest and sympathy, as to convince Amanda that he was *the* man to bring about their redress.

This was the exact impression that Skippit designed to make. He then told her that he would undertake her case, guaranteeing to establish her claims, but that she must place herself entirely in his hands, pledging herself to hold no intercourse whatever with her opponents, except through him.

To this Amanda, highly elated at this assurance, readily agreed.

In thus stumbling across her old friend and admirer, Amanda was even more fortunate than she supposed; not because of their former relation: *that* account was "squared up," nor did he feel inclined to open another with her on the same basis.

Mark had enemies, men of his stamp always have, but none that cherished for him such a bitter enmity as this man, or who would rejoice more thoroughly at an opportunity to bring disgrace upon a life whose uprightness and integrity were such a constant reproach to his own.

Two years before, while Skippit was still one of the firm of "Trapper, Reed & Co.," Mark detected him in some unprofessional and dishonorable conduct, which, if known, would have stricken his name from the "rolls."

Mark's sense of justice impelled him to insist on restitution to the parties he had defrauded, but he was one of those who believe that the erring, if repentant, should have opportunity to retrieve their errors; and, deceived by Skippit's hypocritical expressions of sorrow, he not only pushed the matter no further, but induced Mr. Trapper to accept his proposal to retire from the firm, instead of being expelled in disgrace.

Did Skippit feel grateful for this forbearance? Not at all; like all mean and selfish natures, it only heightened his rancor. He hated the sight of the man who had the custody of so disgraceful a secret, even though it might never be used against him.

As among physicians there is a class who grow rich on the errors and credulity of the ignorant, among lawyers are those who batten

on the crimes and miseries of our race. To this latter class Skippit belonged; and Mark's presence and influence were a continual check upon his operations. So he rolled this opportunity to disgrace and ruin him like a sweet morsel under his tongue, resolving that he would show him no mercy. Neither did he forget the professional credit he would win, or the more tangible reward, which, in this instance, would depend entirely on his success.

Amanda knew nothing of the former testimony he had borne against her character, Skippit having requested that his name should not be mentioned, and he was not likely to enlighten her now.

Fearful that some compromise might be effected, he determined to keep her whereabouts a secret until his plans were perfected, for this purpose getting board for her out of the city.

In the meantime, Mark had returned to the city, to acquaint Mr. Trapper with the approaching storm, and to consult with him on the best means to avert it.

Skippit was among the first to learn of Mark's arrival. He was acquainted with various scribblers for the daily press, who are ever on the lookout for some highly seasoned bit of scandal, with which to regale their readers.

The next day, the readers of the *Daily Harbinger* were equally mystified and delighted by the following delicious titbit:

"CRIME IN HIGH PLACES.

"We learn that disclosures of the most startling and terrible nature have lately been made in the family of one of our most wealthy and influential citizens.

"The party implicated is a well-known member of the Suffolk bar, who married about three years since the lovely and accomplished daughter of a brother lawyer—having at the same time another wife living! What aggravates the offense, is the fact that he has assumed the office of censor of much lighter faults, masking the blackness of his heart by the affectation of superior sanctity and virtue.

"The first wife, who is said to be a most lovely and estimable woman, has been living with her little girl (for the wretch deserted his child as well), in a Western city, in obscurity and poverty. It is only within the last few weeks that she learned of her husband's second marriage. She then came immediately on, to demand her just rights. The meeting between the injured wife and guilty husband, as well as the grief and horror of wife number two, who, we ought in justice to state, was entirely ignorant of the first marriage, can be imagined much better than described.

"The father of the second wife, a man noted for his family pride, is making every effort to buy off the first, but we have it from the best authority that, for the sake of her child, she will accept nothing less than a full acknowledgment of her claims."

This article, which has in it about as much truth as such generally contain, was readily understood by the parties alluded to.

As Skippit intended, it fell like a bombshell in the enemy's camp; all the more startling, because, though they well knew the source, they were unable to discover the direction.

The next day the following appeared among the "Personals" of the *Boston Harbinger*:

"If Amanda B., lately of Detroit, Michigan, will communicate her address to T., *Harbinger Office*, a liberal arrangement will be guaranteed her."

Skippit rubbed his hands gleefully together as he read this. He recognized it as coming from Mr. Trapper, whom he owed many an old grudge, now to be repaid with interest. He well knew that he was the man against whom his strength was to be measured; that he would sacrifice anything and everything to shield his idolized child from the sorrow that menaced her.

Skippit knew Amanda's temperament too well to trust her to the manipulations of the shrewd old lawyer, and he took care that she never saw the above "personal."

Skippit worked so secretly and cautiously, that neither Mark nor Mr. Trapper mistrusted that he had any hand in it, until the mine was sprung beneath their feet.

Mark expected it, and was, in a measure, prepared, but who can be wholly so? The misfortunes we fear may come, we still hope may not.

Mark was in his office, in which were a number of people, when the two men entered, whose errand he knew as soon as his eye fell on them.

The officer, to whom the warrant had been given, was well known to Mark—he having acted as counsel to his wife's brother, a wild young fellow, led into trouble by older heads, and then left to get out of it as he best might. He not only cleared him, but by his personal aid and counsel, brought about an entire change in his life and character.

It was a duty from which the officer would gladly have been spared, and he looked more like a culprit than Mark, as he walked up to the desk where he was sitting.

"Mr. Fielding, may I beg the favor of a few moments' private conversation?"

Mark both understood and appreciated the kindness that prompted this, but would not avail himself of it.

"Whatever you have to say to me, Sanford, may as well be said here as anywhere."

"Then it is my painful and unpleasant duty to arrest you. Here is my warrant. I am but an instrument of the law, and——"

"Only performing your duty. I understand all that, Sanford. Let me write a few lines, and I will then accompany you."

Mark wrote a few words to his wife and Mr. Trapper, and then signified that he was ready.

"I have a close carriage below, which will take us away quietly, without any noise or parade. God send you well out of this, sir!"

"Amen!" was the fervent response; "and not for my sake only."

As Sanford had not given a hint of his errand, he was surprised to find quite a crowd around the door and carriage.

"There he is! there he is!" they shouted, as soon as Mark made his appearance, pushing and struggling to get a nearer view of him.

Sanford took his prisoner into the carriage as quickly as possible, and pulling up the window, bade the coachman drive along.

"It's that infernal Skippit!" he growled. "I never knew him to do a decent thing yet."

"Skippit!" repeated Mark, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, sir. *He* applied for the warrant; and it's about on a par with the rest of his doings."

Mark was silent. How quickly his mind traveled back, not only to the circumstance that made this man his enemy, but back further still. How well he remembered his first interview with him; the shameful story that was burned in letters of fire upon his brain, and which he related so coolly, never dreaming that he was speaking to the husband of his wife.

What a curious network of circumstances it was that placed him in the power of a man like this! *Was* there a God, that he should be so hardly dealt with for the follies of his youth, while such as he walked the streets unpunished? His sorely tried heart almost doubted it.

"Don't be down-hearted, sir," said the officer, who noticed the change in his countenance; "it's a bailable offense, and you won't be in jail long, I'll be bound."

They found a still greater crowd at the court-house, and as Mark stepped from the carriage, he recognized a number of his clients, most of whom were among the poorer class, and loud were the lamentations of such, as they saw him.

"Ah, there he goes!" cried a stalwart son of the Green Isle, "the poor man's frind. Bad luck to the dirty spalpeen that tuck him!"

"It's a lie, boys, whatever 'tis!" shouted another voice; "Mark Fielding never wronged man, woman, or child!"

"He definded me poor boy," sobbed a woman, putting her apron to her eyes, "and niver a cint would he take! Oh, wirra, wirra! that the black trouble should come to *him*!"

"God save you, sir!" cried another, as Mark passed by the place where she stood; "you was a kind friend to me and mine when we had no other!"

If it was Skippit's object in getting this rabble around him to humiliate Mark, he certainly failed; his heart grew lighter, and his step more firm.

As for Sanford, whose heart was more touched than he cared to show, he manifested little of his usual impatience when impeded in the exercise of his official duties.

"Come, come, good people, don't block up the way," he said, good-naturedly, as they pressed too near.

"They ain't the kind of friends to bail a fellow, or anything of that sort," he observed to Mark, as they managed to get through; "but they mean what they say. And what they say ain't bad to hear, either, especially when you deserve it."

Mark waived examination, and was fully committed for trial at the next court.

Mr. Trapper came with all possible speed as soon as he got Mark's line, but too late to effect his release that night.

The next day he was released on bail, the bonds being heavy.

Sanford was right in inferring that it was Skippit who prevented his making the arrest as quietly as he had intended. And not only this: he sent an account of it to all the leading papers three hours before it occurred, so as to make sure of its appearance in their evening editions.

The morning papers contained a long report of it, in the highly colored, exaggerated style peculiar to such. All that the prisoner said, as well as various things he didn't, were minutely related. His dress was described, from the tie of his cravat down to the style of his boots, and his manner and expression dilated upon.

Had he shown any of the trepidation often manifested by innocent men, it would have been set down as "the terror of conscious guilt," but as his manner was quiet and self-possessed, he was charitably construed into being "too hardened a wretch for any judgment to appall."

The scene at the court-house door was not forgotten, and pleasant inferences were drawn as to "the natural depravity of his tastes and feelings."

And all this in a paper which only the week before contained a highly laudatory account of the speeches made during his late Western tour "by our distinguished fellow-townsman, Mark Fielding, Esq."

Not that the editor bore any malice toward Mark; in his heart he liked him, and wished him "well out of his scrape." He did it to make his paper sell,

And this, my dear unsophisticated reader, is the object for which papers are generally published. There may be philanthropic individuals who publish solely for the enlightenment of their race, but in all our experience we never came across but two, and these were paid a liberal salary by some society for their disinterested efforts.

JAPANESE COMMISSIONERS TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE recent arrival in San Francisco, Cal., of Wooyeno Kantoc No Kami, and Meewah Sukeyeegie, Special Commissioners of Japan to the Sandwich Islands, attended by Prince Satawarrah—the central figure in the engraving—and suite, was an occasion of great interest to the citizens.

The Commissioners are sent by the Emperor of Japan to inquire into the condition of some two hundred Japanese laborers on the sugar plantations at the Sandwich Islands, and are accredited to King Kamehameha for that purpose. They are also to report the expediency of making a treaty between Hawaii and Japan, and, if possible, to draft its articles for future action. The party received a cordial welcome at the hands of the authorities of San Francisco, both civil and military; and every opportunity was given them, during their brief visit, to become familiar with American institutions and customs. After completing their mission, they will return to California, follow Prince Satawarrah and three young students, of prominent families, to the East, and enter upon a collegiate course at New Brunswick, N. J. The entire party bear evidences of large intelligence and fine culture, and it is to be hoped that both objects of their long journey may be satisfactorily accomplished.

The Japanese Cabinet show an enlightened and humane spirit in sending one of the high princes of the empire to look after the welfare of the coolies, who, if report be true, have been treated harshly in the Hawaiian Islands. These men were regarded as laborers in their native land, but the Mikado was anxious to make an effort to ascertain the facts and to relieve their suffering, if they had any. Few Christian Powers would do more under the circumstances. Perhaps the Emperor of China might profit by the example; he could do much good to his subjects in California, Australia, Peru, Cuba and Singapore, by appointing suitable men as consuls to reside in the principal cities.

CHRISTMAS REUNION OF THE CHINESE STUDENTS AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

THE festivities of Christmas this year seem to have been of an unusually general and entertaining character. In all the charitable institutions in and about New York city the liberality of our citizens was abundantly displayed, and Santa Claus held high carnival.

A most interesting feature of the occasion was the sociable held by the Chinese students attached to the Five Points House of Industry. They number about fifty, and represent the better class of that branch of our residents. They are very attentive at their evening schools, and manifest a rare desire to acquire a first-class education. At seven o'clock in the evening they assembled in one of the large parlors of the institution, which had been tastily decorated for the occasion. With a select company of invited guests, they formed a very pleasant party, and for several hours gave themselves heartily to the celebration of the great universal holiday. A large tree had been placed at one end of the room, and loaded with fancy articles and a great quantity of edibles, prepared after the Chinese fashion.

After a series of exercises appropriate to the day, a huge Santa Claus walked into the room, and relieving the tree of its dainties, proceeded to distribute them to the students amid great hilarity.

The entire exercises, including the complimentary speeches, the presentation of a Bible to Rev. S. B. Halliday, superintendent of the institution, and the national songs and music, were accomplished with a pleasing grace.

The efforts to afford suitable instruction to the Chinese in our midst are exceedingly praiseworthy, and we are happy to know that they have not been in vain. This class deserves much credit and sympathy from our philanthropists, to whom they are not sufficiently known, in consequence of their unaffected and modest manners. A visit to the school on any evening in the week will probably impart to the public something it has never known.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

PROFESSOR HUNTINGTON, the Assistant State Geologist of New Hampshire, is stated to have prepared his abode for the winter on the summit of Moosilauke Mountain. The heights of learning in question are somewhere about five thousand feet above sea level. The purpose is said to be of a scientific character.

M. POLLACK, of Bautzen, Saxony, states that, for a period of several years, he has used, as a cement to fasten stone to stone and iron to iron, a paste made of pure oxyd of lead, litharge and glycerine, in concentrated state. This mixture hardens rapidly, is insoluble in acids (unless quite concentrated), and is not affected by heat. M. Pollack has used it to fasten the different portions of a fly-wheel with great success, while, when placed between stones, and once hardened, it is easier to break the stone than the joint.

PROFESSOR CLELAND has brought forward a new method of measuring skulls, and, so to speak, of estimating their "worth." It deals chiefly with the curve of the base of the skull, which is greater in adults than in infants, in males than in females, in civilized than in savage races. In the same paper the author reasserts a fact tolerably familiar to craniologists, but apparently not so to the general public, that "there is no foundation whatever for the supposition that the lower races of mankind have the forehead less developed than the more civilized nations."

MR. J. H. PARKER, an English investigator, has ascertained, to his own satisfaction, "that the city of Rome was built upon the great earthworks of the primitive fortifications, which have governed the plan of the city, and have had great influence on the sites and plans of the principal public buildings. These *gigantic* earthworks consisted, like other primitive fortifications, of scarped cliffs, of terraces and trenches. These primitive fortifications are very much obliterated by having been built over for many centuries, but recent demolitions have brought to light the original work."

SIR CHARLES LYELL regards the results of recent deep-sea dredging so astonishing "that they have, to the geologist, almost a revolutionary character." These dredgings have proved that not only does life exist in the very deepest parts of the Atlantic, but that the beings which live and move and have their being beneath the three-mile mountain of water have eyes which the ablest naturalists pronounce to be perfectly developed. Light, then, of some sort must exist in those abysms, though whether the home of the deep-sea animals be phosphorescent, as Sir Charles Lyell suggests, or how light may reach these creatures, we have no present means of determining. At this depth the influence that must make itself most felt is cold, and the creatures found there partake, consequently, of the Arctic type. Where, as in certain regions, the deep waters are warm, highly organized beings, of bright colors and well-appointed eyes, are brought up by the dredge. These organisms, which are thus building up chalk strata (for this deep Atlantic ooze is nothing but incipient chalk) at the bottom of the ocean are, to a very large extent, identical with many of the remains found in the chalk formations. This is so much the case that we may speak of races of animals building the old hills of millions of years ago, and laying now the foundation of the chalk hills of times to come, themselves remaining unchanged all the time between.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

GARIBALDI has fully recovered.

THE son of Lopez, the "cat of Paraguay," is in Washington.

MARSHAL VAILLANT is the wealthiest officer in the French army.

CAMILLA URSO gets $1,000 for each of her California Concerts.

THE Queen of Prussia has joined the noble army of royal authors.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has made $1,000,000 by stock speculations.

SOME Virginians sent General Grant a large coon on New Year's Day.

GEN. J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER is lecturing in Georgia on "Mexico."

MRS. ELKINS is a Kentucky lady of eighty-one who is cutting her third set of teeth.

FATHER HYACINTHE answered 500 applications for autographs while in this country.

COLONEL HURLBURT has entered the lists of the United States Senatorship from Georgia.

MINNESOTA runs opposition to Mr. Milburn with a blind lecturess, Miss Henrietta Titus.

MR. PEABODY'S personal expenses never exceeded $3,000 during the last ten years of his life.

GARNIER-PAGES, late Minister of Finance, teaches mathematics and history in Paris for a living.

MRS. MARY PUFFER, of Madison, Ind., seventy-five years old, has made a quilt of 15,836 pieces.

JUDGE WARE, of Lewiston, Me., 81 years of age, has 49 grandchildren and 31 great-grandchildren.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is barely able to sit up and not able to stand. So say the latest bulletins.

PRINCE BOMBA, son of Theodorus of Abyssinia, is on exhibition in the Wombwell circus in England.

CALIFORNIANS are talking of running General John F. Miller, of San Francisco, for Governor at the next election.

SENATOR HENRY WILSON has written an article on Edwin M. Stanton for the February number of the *Atlantic*.

GEN. BEAUREGARD has invented machinery for propelling cars and boats by overhead wire or rope with stationary power.

A NEW edition of Tennyson, now in press in London, will contain a portrait of Arthur Hallam—the first ever published.

WASHINGTON has two Grants, whose names frequently get into the newspapers. One is A. Grant, and the other is the Grant.

HON. B. B. STRONG, the new Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, is a native of this State, and 41 years old.

JUDGE ALPHONSO TAFT, of Cincinnati, gave Yale College a Christmas present of $1,000, to be used in any way President Woolsey might direct.

RIGHT REV. CARLETON CHASE, D.D., the Episcopal Bishop of New Hampshire, is rapidly failing, and it is feared he will never be able to leave his house again.

CLARENCE DEMING, of the Yale nine, is now recovering from the effects of the wound received in Waterbury, Conn., last July, while playing a match game.

JAMES FISK, JR., has procured a monument at a cost of $1,250, which is to be placed over the grave of Polly Albro, of Pownal, Vt., who took care of him in his childhood.

GOVERNOR JAMES M. ASHLEY, of Montana, writes to Washington that if he can secure a hearing, he can satisfy the Administration that he has been grossly and scandalously maligned.

PRINCE ARTHUR will visit Washington toward the close of this month, for the especial purpose of calling on President Grant before visiting other portions of the United States.

FRANCIS ROBINSON, of Blackinton, Conn., was bitten by a mad dog thirty years ago, and about once a month ever since has had fits, during which he barks like a dog and froths at the mouth.

MAYOR JONES, of Portsmouth, N. H., has given his salary, $500, for the foundation of a public library, and says, if the citizens will increase the amount to $5,000 in five years, he will give $500 more

THE oldest men (so far as known) now living in the city and town of New Haven, Conn., are Abram Heaton, in his 94th year; Beriah Bradly, in his 93d year; Timothy Bishop, in his 93d year; William Barney, in his 93d year; Charles Sharpe, in his 91st year.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAMS, U. S. A., whose death at Little Rock, Ark., was announced on the 5th inst., was on duty on Christmas, apparently in perfect health. He was taken sick with congestion of the brain on the next day, and died on Monday, 27th ult.

HON. MADISON NELSON, one of the Judges of the Maryland Court of Appeals, died on the 1st inst., aged about seventy years. The Baltimore "Sun" says he was a man of very decided talents, and had a quick, sagacious and penetrating mind, but his attainments as a lawyer were not remarkable.

CHIEF-JUSTICE DILLON rendered his last opinion in the Iowa Supreme Court on the 20th of December, and retired from the State Bench to accept his appointment to a seat in the United States Court. He has served twelve years, six as District Judge, and six as Supreme Judge, and was re-elected last Fall.

REV. JUSTIN PERKINS died in Chicopee, Mass., a few days ago. He was for thirty-six years a missionary among the Nestorians, and for several years was editor of a Christian monthly publication known as the "Rays of Light," the only religious paper printed in Persia. He arrived home in August, in failing health.



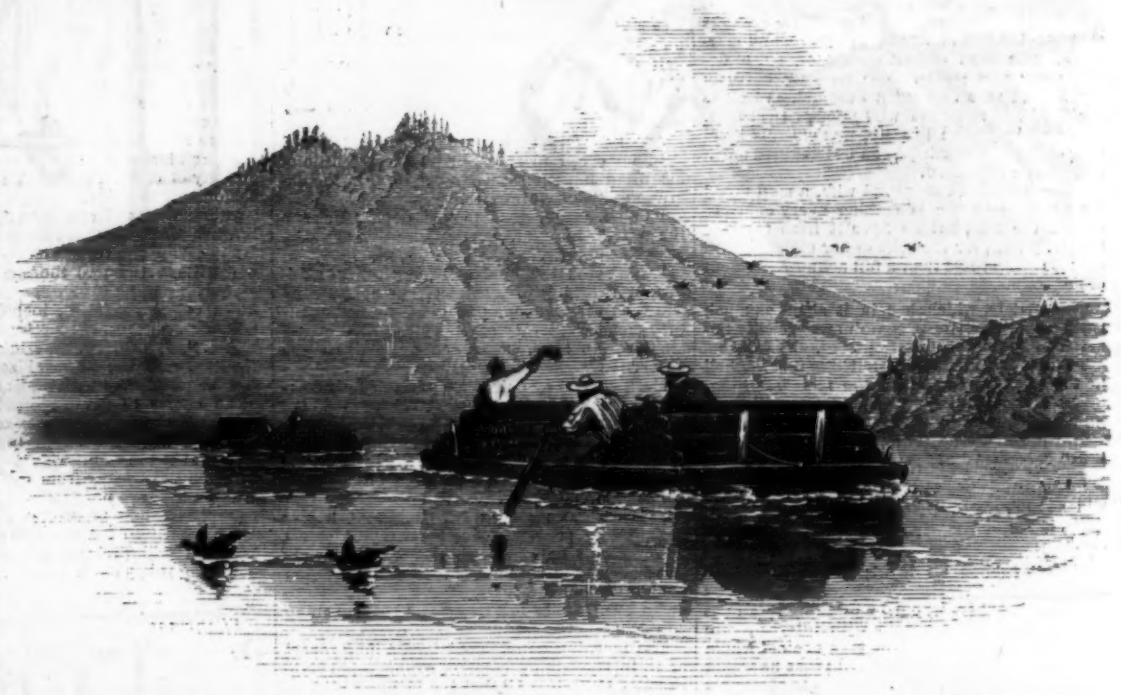
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—SCENE IN SALT LAKE VALLEY—FORTIFIED HOUSE ON THE PLAINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

OVERLAND SCENES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THERE are many scenes on the overland route through the United States quite in contrast with those familiar to the dwellers on the Atlantic slope. Two hundred years ago the frontier in the New England States was subject to incursions from the Indians, and the inhabitants were obliged to guard their homes against their attacks, and frequently surrounded them with stockades. At the present time the Indian of the Atlantic States lives only in history, and the oldest inhabitant knows nothing of his ferocity beyond what he has learned from tradition. But in the Far West the case is different; on the plains and in the Salt Lake basin the red man is a known quantity, and his warlike propensities make it necessary for the inhabitants to take all precautions against his visits. Our artist has given us a view of a fortified house in the Great Salt Lake Valley, where a stockade and intrenchments have been erected to enable the occupants to protect themselves. Frequently these fortified houses are required to sustain long sieges. The writer of this article has a vivid recollection of an assault by a band of hostile Sioux, who were determined upon carrying a small party captive from one of these dwellings on the Platte River, several years ago. Rifles were brought into active use, and, after an assault of fifty hours, the Indians retreated, to the great delight of their white antagonists. But the aboriginal inhabitant of America is fast disappearing; his association with the pale-face is not to his advantage, and before many years he will have become a thing of the past. The dwellers on our Western plains, two or three decades hence, will turn to the pages of the paper containing this illustration, and will wonder, some of them at any rate, why their predecessors should take the trouble to fortify their dwellings. Our artist has presented a faithful picture of the peculiarities of a hotel on the plains. A traveler, suddenly transported from the East to the West, would find little to remind him of the first-class hotels of New York. The proprietor of a genuine hotel on the plains is a dilapidated individual, whose wardrobe would not be considered faultless if presented in Broadway, and whose credit would not be accepted by any merchant of respectable standing. He may be good for a thousand or ten thousand dollars, but his outward appearance is hardly in his favor. His establishment is a hastily-built affair, with sides of logs or rough boards, and a roof of canvas not always impervious to water. But the landlord is monarch of all he surveys, and will brook no insult, as his ready revolver will tell you. He does not always possess that requisite of a hotel, a register; but when he does, you must record your name without hesitation, and be fully prepared to pay your bill in advance. The individual who is putting his name on the book, in our illustration, would not sell at auction at a very high rate; but while he remains in the care of mine host, he is treated with an amount of deference that would not be accorded to the latest arrival from New-York, with all his paraphernalia of broadcloth coats and stovepipe hats. "A man's a man for all that," is the lesson which the Western Boniface teaches, and any traveler who dares to be presumptuous, and call for Eastern comforts, is very likely to be informed that his company is not wanted. The bedroom of the frontier hotel is not an attractive spot; the furniture is of the most limited character, and of very poor quality. Such as it is, it has greatly improved in the past ten years. In 1860, when the Pike's Peak gold region was attracting many visitors, a traveler was remarkably fortunate if he secured a room to himself. When the crowds were flocking to Gregory's Gulch, the principal hotel had a single sleeping-room, where the patrons were allowed to select places on the floor, and make up their beds with their blankets. Every traveler carried his blankets, and would no more think of making a journey without them than would an Eastern man of going out of doors without his hat. Blankets are still a necessity of Western journeys, if one wanders away from the vicinity of the railways.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—UTAH—TRANSPORTING RAILWAY TIES ACROSS SALT LAKE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The chambermaid of the hotel on the plains is not an attractive creature, and the most romantically inclined tourist is not subject to attacks of love at first sight on opening the door of his room and observing the being who looks after his welfare. Women are few on the plains, and their places are very often supplied by men. Many of the hotels are quite unused to visits of the gentler sex, and the chambermaid is generally a personage who can grow a heavy beard, and is fully versed in all the mysteries of draw-poker.

The toilet-room of the plains hotel is far from being a toilet-room of the period. There is a single wash-bowl, generally of wood, which is used in common, while soap is a luxury not always to be found. Sometimes there is a towel, and sometimes there is none. In the latter case one must use his kerchief or his coat-sleeve; in the former, if he rises late, he must dry his face on the same piece of linen where others, and not very cleanly individuals, have preceded him. "Complain of that towel, do you?" said a Western landlord to a fastidious guest; "more than fifty men have used it before you, without finding a word of fault." In some of the hotels a notice is posted to the effect that gentlemen wishing private towels will please deposit fifty cents with the clerk, to guarantee the house against loss. The dining-room is quite in keeping with the rest of the appointments; the table is of the roughest imaginable character, and the seats consist of empty nail-kegs or sections cut from pine trees.

The Pacific Railway does not run through Salt Lake City, but passes about twenty miles to the northward. The Mormons at first objected to having it in their vicinity, but after it was laid out and completed they found that it was not the worst thing in the world. Brigham Young said he thought Mormonism could stand one railroad, and if it could not, it ought not to exist at all. A railway is now constructed to connect Salt Lake City with the main line. It was completed on the 10th inst. When it is finished travelers can make an easy journey to that curious city, whose foundation is of so recent origin, and can study the social peculiarities that it presents. As yet there are few settlements along this new line of road, and the workmen engaged in its construction are dwellers in tents rather than in permanent and well-built houses. Their progress is so rapid that they have little time to stay in any place, and their life is more nomadic than many of them would be willing to admit.

A peculiarity of the mountainous regions that skirt the Utah Valley, is the growth of the timber, the larger pines being always found on the higher grounds—away up the sides of the hills



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—UTAH—MORMONS HAULING WOOD FROM THE MOUNTAINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



1. Exterior of Hotel. 2. Proprietor. 3. Registering. 4. Bedroom. 5. Chambermaid. 6. Toilet.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—HOTEL LIFE ON THE PLAINS—ON THE LINE OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

near their tops. Our artist has very spiritedly sketched the return of a party from the mountains to a settlement of the Mormons, with a "stick" which they have felled, and which will, in all probability, help to build up one of those permanent and comfortable log-cabins which almost anywhere are to be seen in the Great West, where timber is to be had for the cutting and carting.

The picture illustrating the transportation of ties for the railway now in course of construction from the city of the Mormons to the Union Pacific road, proves that however saline the waters of Great Salt Lake may be, they are not unnavigable. By transporting across the lake, from the mountains beyond to the line of the new track, the timber necessary for its construction, a great saving, both in time and money, is made—a fact which, if the Gentiles were slow to perceive, the Saints of the valley certainly were not.

Recurring to the subject which at this time most interests the Latter-Day Saints—aside from the bill recently offered in Congress prohibiting, under any pretense, polygamy in the Territories of the Union—namely, the construction of the branch railroad from the station at Uintah on the Pacific Railroad to Salt Lake City, which, amid the ringing of bells, the waving of flags, the cheers of the multitude and salvos of artillery, was duly completed by driving the last spike in the last rail by the Prophet Brigham Young, on Monday, the 10th inst. We have a few words as to its origin to say. When the Pacific Railroad was approaching the confines of Utah, the Mormons within the Territory were strenuously opposed to it, and under no circumstance would they allow the surveys for it to come within the corporate limits of Salt Lake City. The builders, consequently, were compelled to deviate slightly from the main line proposed, and skirt the northern end of the saline waters.

This deviation amounted to thirty-four miles. When, again, the rails were laid to the boundary of Utah, the Church government would permit no laborers from the "Gentile community" to grade or pave within their "kingdom," but detailed large numbers of men from the various wards of the city and small settlements to grade and lay ties and rails, build bridges, raise embankments, and do all the other work pertaining to the proper construction of the road. This labor was conscientiously performed, until all the space between the eastern and western boundaries of the Territory was gone over by the followers of the Prophet. The reason alleged for this exclusiveness on the part of the Mormons was, that of "ruffians" coming within the country and disturbing the peace of the inhabitants with their drunkenness and frequent brawls.

It is certain that the Mormons were greatly alarmed at the possibilities which the transcontinental road, when completed, might bring to their doors from the profane world of the Gentiles. When, by actual demonstration, they found it innocuous, they regretted their hasty conclusions, and set about to repair, at the earliest hour, their error by building a branch road, from Uintah along the base of the Wasatch mountains to Salt Lake City. This road, thirty-four miles in length, is wholly the property, not of the citizens or any corporate association of Utah, but of the Church in fact, which is the closest corporation, the grandest monopoly in the world.

To build this road, the Prophet, without the slightest ceremony, ordered that men should be detailed for Church work (which means labor without compensation), and rails being purchased at the East under the supervision of Joseph A. Young, the road was quickly graded and the ties laid and rails fastened securely to their chairs. Until last Monday, when the first train passed over the Utah Central Railroad. Wells, Fargo & Co. ran stages, as also did citizens, from the Uintah station on the Pacific Railroad to Salt Lake City, at prices (so great was the competition) ranging between $10 and $1. Statistics of the building of this road are as yet imperfect. It belongs to the Church, and as the Church is not always explicit as to its revenues or expenditures, the world is left in the dark as to the cost of the rails, the grading, bridging, etc. Perhaps statistics will be published by-and-by, and when they are, it will be found the expenditure of money was not large. The road is well built. It was commenced about eight months ago, and has, considering the character of the country, been rapidly constructed. The Mormons are not without energy, driven as they are by the spiritual whip of their prophet and chief, Brigham Young.

From sketches taken by competent artists commissioned by us to cross the continent, and who have recently returned, we shall publish from week to week, in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, fine pictures of the scenery of the Plains and Mountains, life in the Territories, views of prominent points along the Great Pacific Railroad, scenes and incidents in the towns of Utah, California, etc., including Salt Lake City, Sacramento and San Francisco. The Chinese question will be illustrated; as also Public Buildings, and every other thing and place of interest that the artists thought worthy of their pencils, going to and returning from the Pacific Ocean.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

JANE GRAHAM was essentially a hard woman. A stern, uncompromising bigot—a woman who would have offered up the dearest desire of her heart upon the altar of duty; who, for conscience's sake, would have endured tortures without flinching; truthful as the day; a just woman, as she understood justice, living sincerely up to every article of the narrow creed she professed, but without one womanly grace, without an atom of that soft tenderness which invests womanhood with its chief glory. Sorrow had never aided to soften the sharp angles of Mrs. Graham's character, for she had been exceedingly prosperous all her life. The daughter of a minister of the strictest Puritan type, she had married, early in life, rich, kindly John Graham, who, in the whole course of their married life, never once dreamed of opposing his imperious wife. So, Mrs. Graham ruled her household on the severe, rigid system which was natural to her, governed her husband and his affairs generally with great shrewdness and prudence, duly whipped and sermonized her only child in the way she should go, dispensed her charities with a bountiful hand, at the same time lecturing the very poor she was aiding with a beautiful severity which made their lives a burden to them, was the first to point the finger of scorn at any poor wretch who weakly strayed from the path of virtue, and, wearing her ermine immaculate before the world, was ready to cry, with the Pharisee, "Thank God, I am not as other men are."

I have said Mrs. Graham had an only child. How two persons standing to each other in the near relationship of mother and daughter could be so totally unlike was a mystery to all who knew them. Lily was a fragile, fairylike creature, with tender, brown eyes, and waving, golden hair; a trifle too dependent, perhaps, but a nature which, in the genial sunshine of love, would have blossomed with luxuriant sweetness, but which, in the atmosphere of harshness and restraint in which she lived, shrank up like a sensitive plant. Mrs. Graham loved her child, but she was undemonstrative; so, even the girl herself never guessed the affection hidden beneath the cold exterior. Lily was treated, as her mother phrased it, "reasonably and judiciously." Severely punished for the slightest fault, never allowed to use her own judgment, better dressed and better fed than any child in the neighborhood, her mind formed by the best governesses and masters that money could procure. So Lily grew up a beautiful maiden, still dreading her mother as intensely as when, as a child, she had been whipped for not knowing the catechism; certainly no weak caresses, no fond mother's indulgence, had helped to enervate Miss Lily's character. Mrs. Graham was ambitious for her lovely daughter. While Lily was still a child, she fixed upon her future son-in-law—Mark Lister, a relative of her own, a man of wealth and position, a grave, middle-aged man, to him she could safely confide her child. On her eighteenth birthday, Lily was informed of her fate. With white, scared face, the girl listened to her mother's carefully-measured accents, then, throwing herself at her feet, confessed that her love had been given long ago to her cousin Harry. Cheery, handsome, penniless Harry Preston, with no fortune but his sword. Mrs. Graham smiled grimly; her iron will had never been balked—should the happiness of two young hearts stand as an insurmountable obstacle in her path now? Before two months had passed, Mark Lister bore his girlish bride away to his stately city home, as Harry Preston was on his way to India. Mrs. Graham applauded herself conscientiously—she had no belief in "love's young dream." Time passed on, and over Mrs. Graham, sitting lonely in her desolate home, there crept a feeling of intense longing to see her child—longing for the bright young face, for the tones of the fresh, sweet voice. She visited her daughter's home, and found the young wife an inanimate, indifferent creature, cowering before her husband's frown as she had before her mother's. Some were uncharitable enough to say that Mark Lister, serious as he was, was not an easy man to live with, that quarrels were of frequent occurrence between him and his bride; some even whispered that the fair brow bore unseemly marks of blows. Poor Lily! Even the mother could not flatter herself that all was well. Then news came that gallant Harry Preston had fallen beneath the burning sun of India. Lily uttered no complaint for her lost love, but she looked at her mother with dry, wild eyes, and, very sick at heart, that lady sought her own home.

One summer day a frantic letter came from Mark Lister; his wife had left him, fled with a villain, he knew not whither. There was no pity for the girl whom he had driven to destruction, only maledictions on the woman who had disgraced his proud name. Then the very earth seemed crumbling away beneath Mrs. Graham's feet. In the pride of her purity she had shrunk with loathing from all contact with sin, drawing her flowing garments about her lest they should even touch her frailer sisters; she had had no pity for fallen angels; and now the flesh of her flesh, the light of her eyes, was even as these. In her horror, Jane Graham was ready to lie down and die; yet, in the extremity of her anguish, a warm, craving, mother-love awoke in her breast, such as she had never experienced before. She thought of Lily as a smiling baby, a shy schoolgirl playing with Harry Preston beneath the tall trees of Graham Court, a trembling, wild-eyed bride; then she thought of her as a wretched, guilty woman, and the iron entered into her soul, for the last was the hardest of all. For three long days and nights she locked herself in her chamber, refusing all food, taking no rest; outside they heard sobs and cries, evidences of the strong, proud woman's fierce agony; and when she came forth, her raven hair was white as snow.

John Graham died broken-hearted soon after; then the mother, her pride humbled to the dust, her self-righteousness washed away by the waves of affliction, set forth in quest of her child. She had heard that the wretch who had enticed her from her home had deserted her—her delicate, tender darling was adrift on the cruel world. Far and near she searched, with an unwearying patience which could only be prompted by a mother's passionate love. Undaunted by difficulties, she penetrated to every abode of misery and want; no den of vice was too vile for her to enter; no hospital ward, no fever-stricken hovel dismayed her; poverty, shame, wretchedness, had no terrors for her; was it not among such as these she must seek her lost lamb? The tall, bowed form, gray and rigid, came to be well-known in the haunts of the poor and wretched, and everywhere she passed she brought a blessing; many a poor lost one she rescued from crime, many a starving wretch blessed her as his salvation; all who were poor and miserable could find sympathy and aid from the once haughty Mrs. Graham, who now, indeed, had her portion with "publicans and sinners." Her only answer, when blessings were heaped upon her, was the piteous cry, "Help me find my child." At last, late one night, an unfortunate whom she had rescued from perdition came to tell her that she had found one who answered to the description of the lost Lily. The mother hastened to obey the call with trembling eagerness. In a poverty-stricken lodging-house, on a miserable pallet, lay a form with waving golden hair. The mother's heart gave a great throb, for she knew that the long-searched-for was found at last. Very still she lay there. The mother burst out, "Oh, Lily. My child, my child!" and the cry was so full of agony, of long-suppressed love, that it thrilled the very soul of the listener. The girl shrieked with terror, and hid her face. "Oh, mother," she moaned, "you have come to curse me. Spare me, spare me! Mother, have pity." But the mother raised the slight, wasted form in her arms, pillowing the weary head upon her breast, showering burning tears and kisses on the wan face; words of tender endearment fell from her lips such as she had never listened to in the days of her innocent childhood. The poor, erring wanderer was not long for this world; and even the bereaved mother could not grieve when the soiled lily was removed to another, where, pure and spotless, it could blossom in the sunshine of a Father's love. She passed away very peacefully, resting on her mother's breast, meekly praying for forgiveness; then the mother kissed the pale brow, calm in the majesty of death, and solemnly thanked God "that she who was lost had been found." Then Mrs. Graham started again upon her errand of mercy; none were too vile, too low for her pity; all sorrow claimed her. Yet upon the aged, sorrow-stricken face is imprinted a wondrous peace.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

PAIL creatures—Dairymaids.

INDY-PENDANTS—A rajah's earrings.

"ROLLING stock—Cattle on railways.

THE Woman Question—"Is he rich?"

STEADY work—Walking on the tight-rope.

IF you cannot bite never show your teeth.

A PIOUS young lady—The church bell (e).

MAXIM—A poor man is to be avoided—he lacks principal.

LAWYERS should sleep well—it is immaterial on which side they lie.

EVERYTHING helps, especially if it is a kick when you are going down hill.

AN infantry officer mentions twins as pair-o'pets attached to the breast-works.

"THAT, sir, is the spirit of the press," said Mrs. Jinks, as she handed Nipper a glass of cider.

THE bachelor's refrain—a-lass! The maiden's refrain—ah-men! Let them no longer refrain.

A WESTERN paper, describing an evening dress, says it bursts open at the top and foams over.

THE champion hatter of a Western city claims also to be the "universal sympathizer," because he has felt for every one.

GOOD style of walking—when you get into an editor's room walk right out. It is healthy exercise, particularly for the editor.

WILL ANY LADY SAY?—We read of a "Musical Gymnasium for Ladies," and we wonder how they manage about the dumb-bells.

A BACHELOR used the following modification of a hackneyed phrase in congratulating a newly-married friend: "I wish you much jaw."

A FACT.—The brutal sport of bull-baiting has long been abolished, but how many are there even in the present day who bait their horses?

THE story of a city car-driver who has lived for years on one meal a day, is disproved, by the fact that every car-driver makes his brake fast a score of times each trip.

A MIDDLE-AGED spinster, at a recent Woman's Rights Convention, said she did not care about female suffrage unless it carried with it the right to make proposals of marriage.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL QUESTION.—May tickets of admission to churches—the Temple, for example, where, by-the-way, you cannot always be sure of finding a vacant seat when you arrive—be considered as holy "orders"?

AN old lady, who pretends to "know all about it," says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bile their water on shore." In her opinion, "all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board the boat."

UNPALATABLE advice is frequently disguised in a sermon, or fable, or anecdote, or other confectionery. We are apt to take such sugar-coated advice as children do sugar-coated pills; we suck the sugar-coating, but we don't suck the advice much.

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he had finished dressing. "Elegant, massa; you look bold as a lion." "Bold as a lion, Pompey! how do you know? You never saw a lion." "Oh! yes, massa, I seed one down to Massa Jenks's, in his stable." "Down to Jenks's, Pompey? Why, you great fool, Jenks has not got a lion; that's a jackass." "Can't help it, massa; you look just like him."

THOSE who suffer from nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return.

Holloway's Ointment will cure the worst cases of chapped and cracked lips and hands in one night, producing a soft, ripe color in the lips that nothing else will give.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—We are practical machinists; have made, and also repaired, all of the principal sewing machines now in use. We unhesitatingly pronounce Grover & Baker's the best, most simple and durable. The well-known Grover & Baker stitch we consider the best and most durable for sewing every known fabric for which a sewing machine is used. SIGNALT & CLUMP,
26 North Jefferson street, Chicago.

A THIEF.

He has been traveling about humbugging druggists and private parties, mixing up and selling a base compound which he calls WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. All of Wolcott's genuine remedies have a white outside wrapper (*with signature large*). Look out for counterfeits. Six pints of WOLCOTT'S ANNIHILATOR for Catarrh and Colds in the head, or one pint of Pain Paint for Ulcers or Pain, sent free of express charges on receipt of the money at 181 Chatham Square, New York, or one gallon of pain paint (double strength) for $20. Small bottles sold by all druggists. R. L. WOLCOTT.

No Chapped Hands or Lips any More
IF YOU USE
F. A. SARG'S SON & CO.'S
Vienna Glycerine Toilet Articles,
AS
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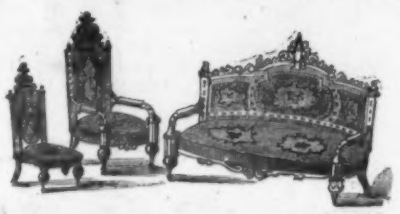
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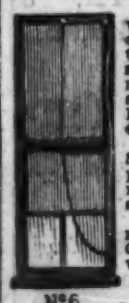
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